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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

PETROLEUM AND DIPLOMACY

ECHOES of alleged bargaining with the Bolsheviki for oil concessions during the Genoa Conference continue to reverberate — diminuendo — in the European press. Crawfurd Price, who reported the Conference for the London *Sunday Times*, wrote to that journal that the British Shell Company had undoubtedly been nogotiating with the Soviet authorities for such concessions, but that these negotiations had not been concluded, and were suspended during the Conference. He adds: 'In the meantime, the British Government frowns on concession-hunting, and it is a significant fact that the principal Standard Oil men, who are not usually bashful on these occasions, crept off long ago.' A contributor to the financial *Times*, which has no connection with the *Sunday Times*, gives the same version of the situation. He says that negotiations between the Shell Company and the Soviet Government have been proceeding for some time past, with a view to reëstablishing that Company's rights to its previous properties in Russia, and to securing further oil concessions, on which it took an option last year. According to this contributor, the Russian fields cannot export oil; it will take five years drilling of new wells to restore production even to the low level of 1917; this development will involve a new investment of not less than one hundred million dollars; and the entire output at the end of this period will be absorbed by Russia herself, providing her industries and railways are restored to an operating basis.

According to the Paris *Journal*, Lloyd George was familiar with these negotiations. The Royal Dutch Shell Company began pourparlers with the expropriated Russian owners three years ago, at a time when the British Government expected the Bolsheviki to be overthrown. On July 27, 1920, when the British were in temporary occupation of Baku, the Batavian Petroleum Company of Rotterdam, a branch of the Shell Company, purchased practically all the shares of several important Russian petroleum companies in the Caucasus at a little over 5 per cent of their par value, paying six hundred and forty-five thousand pounds for stocks and securities nominally worth between eleven and twelve million pounds.

L'Indépendance Belge, which is bitterly opposing any arrangement with the Bolsheviki that does not provide compensation for Belgium's large prewar investments in Russia, informs its readers that the Shell Company owns

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90 per cent of the capital stock of all the oil companies previously operating in the Caucasus. It should be recalled that there have been five changes of political control in the oil districts since the Bolsheviki first seized them in March 1918, and that the property has been nationalized twice and denationalized once during that period. According to this journal, 'the Royal Dutch Shell not only proposes to recover its former holdings, but to extend its acquisitions, as is indicated by its purchasing large new concessions along the Volga and elsewhere. . . . At the present time, British capital holds nominal title to about half of the petroleum property in Russia.'

Meanwhile the *Daily Herald*, the mouthpiece of the British Labor Party, accuses our own oil interests of wrecking the Genoa Conference: —

It looks as though M. Poincaré — backed by his Allies of Standard Oil — has won, and as if Mr. Lloyd George, for the hundredth time in his amazing career, has made a humiliating surrender, while his sycophants cry to the world that he is triumphant. . . .

M. Barthou is the tool of M. Poincaré. Mr. Childs is the chosen instrument of Standard Oil. They, in the name of their masters, have sabotaged the Russian plan.

Mr. George had agreed to it. Signor Schanzer had agreed to it. The lesser States and the neutrals had approved it. But M. Poincaré and Mr. Rockefeller have interposed their twin veto.

They have spoken — and Mr. Lloyd George, after his queer manner, has collapsed before them.

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ANGLO-FRENCH TENSION

THE recent strain upon the friendship of England and France has naturally rallied the champions of that friendship to its defense. Arthur Meyer, editor of *Gaulois*, printed in that journal early in May an 'Open Letter to His Majesty George V,' expressing the hope that the English Sovereign may repeat the service in strengthening good relations between the two countries that his father rendered. In this connection he recounts a fascinating story of King Edward VII's conquest of Paris, on the morrow of the Fashoda incident.

The correct reception he met on his first visit was lacking in warmth. I remember how he, nevertheless, manifested a desire to be present at a performance at the Comédie Française. *L'Autre Danger* was being given. The house was full; but the public were icy, and the coldness continued until the King's departure. Edward VII designedly left the loge during the entr'acte. He was intent on mingling with this almost hostile crowd and winning it to his side. In the lobby he by chance espied a great and charming artist whom he had seen act in England. Holding out his hand he said, 'Oh, Mademoiselle, I remember how I applauded you in London. You personified there all the grace, all the *esprit* of France.' The words were heard and spread as words do in Paris. They struck home. The King had found the right thing to say and do. The ice was broken. The next day at the Opéra he received an ovation. The people knew that the Prince of Wales loved Paris; they had just discovered that the King of England was determined to be France's friend.

Sisley Huddleston, who has recently become Paris correspondent of the *Times*, believes that Lloyd George's personality has much to do with the attitude of the average Frenchman toward Great Britain.

While there is a deep gulf separating Frenchmen and Englishmen, while England is now regarded by some Frenchmen as the enemy, while a Prime Minister who consents to any 'forward' proposal of Mr. Lloyd George is certain to be thrown out of office, it is rather the personality of Mr. Lloyd George than that of the ordinary Englishman which arouses this opposition and indignation.

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For one thing, Mr. Lloyd George has from the international viewpoint been too long in office. Whatever view one has of his abilities, it is impossible that the same man can inspire confidence in a foreign country through a long series of years during which he has adopted the most contradictory opinions and policies. Any Englishman who was comparatively unfettered by his past, who had not come to be regarded as anything but a friend of France, could probably succeed, were it necessary, in imposing practically the Lloyd George policy on France. But Mr. Lloyd George can do so no longer.

This writer apparently believes that Poincaré has been made more intractable than his natural bent inclined him to be by the reputation of jingoism foisted upon him by the British press and his French opponents.

The French Prime Minister was obliged in self-defense to resist the exceedingly tactless assaults that were made upon him. . . . At any rate Frenchmen were resolved that M. Poincaré should not be overthrown by Mr. Lloyd George, or by the British newspapers. This antagonism, organized and persistent, reminded Frenchmen too much of the incident of pre-war days when M. Delcassé was practically dismissed at the bidding of Germany. It is a humiliation that France has not forgotten; and any interference with her domestic politics by a foreign country can only worsen relations, and tends rather to strengthen M. Poincaré and compel him to still more intransigeance.

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FOR LAW AND ORDER IN IRELAND

THE *Freeman's Journal* is again appearing at Dublin, in its usual size and dress, after an enforced interruption due to the wrecking of its printing plant by a Republican mob. Its advocacy of law, order, and sanity is as vigorous as ever. It thus describes the easy descent from political controversy to civil dissension, and from civil dissension to general lawlessness, that is now afflicting Ireland as it has many other countries in the earlier stages of self-government: —

Every day makes clearer the vital necessity for a settlement of the national difficulty. Infinitely more is at stake than a dispute between politicians. A continuance of the controversy on existing lines means economic chaos. While the theorists are arguing, industry is being paralyzed. The operations of rival armies necessarily deal a deathblow to business. Even more serious are the activities of armed men who owe allegiance to no recognized army.

These freebooters are exploiting the situation for their own profit. In certain areas the only law is that of the man with the gun. And law for him means the right to fill his pockets at the expense of the community. Occasionally he condescends to call his exactions war levies. Traders throughout the country are protesting that without adequate protection they must shut down. Banks are seriously considering the question of whether they can carry on in districts where raiders enjoy a free hand. Farms have been seized by force. Cattle-driving has become so formidable a problem in Clare that drastic military action is threatened.

So long as the present crisis continues, it is hopeless to imagine that these evils will disappear. They are inevitable, as history shows, in any country where political controversy develops along lines that threaten the foundations of social order. It is not possible to abolish political controversy; but it is possible to confine it within limits which will prevent it from impeding the normal life of the nation. The country looks to the Dàil Committee to enforce the limitations which are imposed on every civilized community.

The *Irish Times*, speaking in behalf of Southern Unionists and Protestants, also ascribes the disorders in the South to similar motives, since hitherto religious prejudices have not been the primary factor in the dissensions prevailing in that part of the country.

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Political retaliation and 'military necessity' are the usual excuses for this campaign of terror. We believe that, in a large majority of cases, the real motive is sheer greed, encouraged by the apparent helplessness of the Executive. Land-hunger and the lust of plunder are infectious, and if they remain unchecked, Southern Protestants will not be the only victims.

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IN EUROPE'S EASTERN TRADE-ZONE

POLAND'S principal exports are timber, petroleum, cement, sugar, and potatoes. With the exception of potatoes, foreign shipments of all these commodities increased rapidly during 1921. Measured by quantity, timber exports increased about eightfold over those of 1920; oil exports were considerably more than double those of the previous year; and there were substantial increases in the exports of cement and sugar. Potatoes alone declined. Poland's principal customers in order of rank are Germany, Austria, and Great Britain.

According to a correspondent of the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, the Polish textile industries are also reviving. Lodz, which before the war had a million and a half cotton spindles and nearly eight hundred thousand worsted and woolen spindles, had by last October restored or replaced the greater part of the machinery ruined during the conflict. The cotton mills were running at well toward 80 per cent of their pre-war capacity. Manufacturers have shipped a considerable quantity of goods, 'half legally, half illegally,' to Russia, in spite of the interruption of regular commercial intercourse between those countries. 'The importation of Polish textiles into Russia, particularly the Ukraine, increased so rapidly that in September it amounted to between three and four billion Polish marks.'

With the sudden rise of the Polish mark last fall, which deprived exporters of what was virtually a bounty, due to the higher value of foreign money, and the partial stoppage of trade with Russia during the negotiations for a commercial treaty between the two Governments, there was a brief period of depression. Since January, conditions have improved. Prices have been adjusted to the new exchange situation, and large quantities of goods have been shipped to the Baltic provinces and Rumania. At the same time, trade with Russia is resuming something like its normal course. The opinion is gaining ground in Poland that the recovery of the Russian market must be one of the first steps toward a restoration of normal business conditions in Poland.

L'Est Européen, a semimonthly published in the French language, but under Polish editorship, at Warsaw, prints in an April issue a review of the present and prospective commercial relations between Poland and Soviet Russia, confirming these reports and predictions. Heavy Russian orders for cloth have already been received at Lodz, Poland's principal textile centre. With the resumption of normal business relations between the two countries, hundreds of Polish commercial travelers, who formerly sold the manufactured products of Russian Poland to the people of the central and western part of the Empire, will again 'be on the road.' Before the war, Lodz received 40 per cent of its cotton from Turkestan and other Russian territories, the remainder being imported, mostly through Hamburg, from the United States, British India, and Egypt. It may be several years before Russian raw cotton is again available.

While Poland's first and principal market in Soviet Russia will probably be for textiles, her manufacturers hope soon to be able to supply rolling stock for the Russian railways. Polish shops already furnish two thirds of the new

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equipment for the railways of their own country. At the present time two blast furnaces and three Martin steel furnaces are said to be in operation in the Ukraine. Nine or ten rolling mills and wire works are also reported to be running. Two railway shops, at Hartman and Kharkof, are officially 'active,' having turned out six new locomotives, in addition to repair work, during the first six months of last year — the latest period for which figures are given.

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MORE GERMAN MEMOIRS

Der Tag, a Berlin Conservative Daily, is publishing serially the military memoirs of Lieut.-Col. Alfred Niemann, whose service with the General Staff covers the period of the German collapse. After mentioning how the Allies crumpled up the German defense between Albert and Moreuil, on August 8, 1918, the author says: —

I hastened to the Kaiser and described to him with unsparing frankness the seriousness of the military situation. He did not interrupt me until my report was finished. His face was fixed and stolid as if chiseled from marble, his steely eyes flickered restlessly, and his teeth bit nervously at the corners of his mouth.

When I concluded he relieved the tension by blurting out in an ejaculatory manner: 'I 've seen this disaster coming! . . . At this time I cannot stand such a reverse! . . . It destroys a chance of peace upon which I was justified in basing great hopes. . . . We must try to save the situation by a double-flank attack, as we did in 1917 at Cambrai. Inform the Field Marshal to that effect.'

The Kaiser turned away brusquely, concluding: 'If the situation changes in any way, I expect a report during the course of the evening or, at latest, early in the morning.' Thereupon he left the audience room.

Two days of suspense and anxiety followed. We succeeded in establishing ourselves along a shortened and securer defensive front, but did not have the strength to undertake a regular counter offensive.

Colonel Niemann's account of the Kaiser's subsequent visit to the Front and his interview with Hindenburg and Ludendorff agrees closely with the semifictitious version of this episode published in the *Living Age* of February 5, 1921, from Karl Rosner's *Der König*. Both the Kaiser and the Crown Prince thought too much had been expected of the troops. General Ludendorff disagreed with this opinion, asserting that several enemy divisions had been on the fighting line at least as long as those of Germany.

According to this witness, the Kaiser concluded the interview with the remark: 'We have reached the limit of our powers. The war must stop'; adding at parting: 'Accordingly I expect you gentlemen at Spa very soon.'

Shortly before the final collapse, the Kaiser visited Kiel with Prince Henry. Colonel Neimann accompanied the royal party; and he says that as their automobile slowly made its way through the streets of Kiel, which was soon to be the scene of the first open revolt against imperial authority, 'thousands and thousands of men, women, and children welcomed their Sovereign with unbounded delight. I saw not only children of the well-to-do classes, but principally children of the working classes in the cheering crowd.' That evening, just before taking the train to return to Grand Headquarters, news of Bulgaria's defection was received. Colonel Niemann stepped into the dining-car, where he found the Kaiser, still exhilarated by the memory of his warm reception by the people of Kiel, engaged in lively conversation at the supper table. The unwelcome news broke upon the latter like a thunderclap.

Describing conditions at Headquarters when the request for an armistice

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was sent to President Wilson, Colonel Niemann says: —

What I learned during the course of the day pointed to a condition of hopeless confusion. Our military crisis had produced an acute political crisis, and both must be solved simultaneously. When I stepped into the Royal Headquarters for supper, I found an atmosphere of calm resignation accompanied by evidence of unmistakable displeasure with General Ludendorff.

In the Memoirs of the German Crown Prince, recently published in England and the United States, the following version of the famous *Daily Telegraph* interview in the late autumn of 1908 is given: —

In the year 1907, while staying with the retired General Stuart-Wortley at Highcliffe Castle, in the Isle of Wight (*sic*), my father had entered into a number of informal conversations in which, indirectly, several unguarded and therefore injudicious remarks and statements escaped him. With the help of an English journalist, Harold Spender, these remarks were afterward worked up by Wortley into the form of an interview to be published in the *Daily Telegraph*. The manuscript was forwarded to the Kaiser, with a request that he would give his consent to its publication. In a perfectly loyal way the Kaiser sent it on to the Imperial Chancellor and asked him for his opinion. The proceedings were consequently all absolutely correct, and nothing improper had occurred, unless the remarks themselves are to be characterized as such; and even then, one must give the Kaiser credit for having said them with the object of improving Anglo-German relations, just as General Stuart-Wortley, with the same intention, conceived the idea of making them known to a wider public.

The manuscript was returned to the Kaiser with the remark that there was no objection to its being published — only, unfortunately, through negligence and a number of unhappy coincidences, none of the gentlemen who were responsible for this judgment had actually read the text with any care. And so the mischief began.

In the preliminary review of this book the *Daily Telegraph* comments upon this statement as follows: —

This statement of the 'real facts,' however, contains certain errors. It is correct, as stated, that the interview was based upon the Kaiser's conversations with Major-General the Hon. E. Stuart-Wortley (then a Colonel on the active list) not only at Highcliffe, in 1907, but also during the German grand manœuvres in the following summer. But it was the Kaiser's own expressed wish that General Stuart-Wortley should take steps to secure the presentation of his emphatic personal views in the English press — which had been strongly criticizing Germany's intentions as expressed by her actions during the Moroccan crisis — and consequently General Stuart-Wortley had a conversation with a member of the *Daily Telegraph* staff. (Here it may be said that the attribution of the article to Mr. Harold Spender is entirely erroneous, and that he had no connection with it.) The article, cast in the form of an interview, was then sent to the Kaiser by General Stuart-Wortley, and returned unaltered save for a few slight verbal corrections penciled at the margin by the Kaiser himself, who expressly authorized its publication as containing his own considered views. These verbal corrections were, of course, incorporated in the interview before publication.

But what happened to the article when it was sent on by the Kaiser to the Imperial Chancellor for his opinion, as the ex-Crown Prince says, can only be revealed from the other side.

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THE recent disorders in Ireland have not materially affected the vital statistics of that country. In 1920 the death rate was the lowest ever recorded, and the marriage rate the highest since 1864. There was also an increase in the birth rate. Of the deaths, 85 were of persons of 100 years old and over, and 415 of persons 95 years old and upwards.

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MY ARREST AND IMPRISONMENT

BY GENERAL ANTON IVANOVICH DENIKIN

[*General Kornilov, who had been made Commander-in-Chief of the Russian armies by Kerenskii on July 24, 1917, placed General Denikin in command of the Southwestern Front with headquarters at Berdichev. When the final break came between General Kornilov and the First Revolutionary Government, the troops were already honeycombed with Bolshevism. The following extracts from Denikin's reminiscences, which have just been published at Paris, open with his arrest after several days of nerve-racking effort to maintain discipline and obedience among the already mutinous soldiers. We prefix a single passage from an earlier part of the memoirs, containing a statement of General Kornilov's political attitude at this time.*]

From *Essays on the Russian Chaos*, Vol. I, Part 2

At the end of the Conference, Kornilov asked me to remain and, when all were gone, he said to me in a low voice, almost a whisper: 'We must fight or the country will go to ruin. N—— came to me at the Front. He is agitating a coup to put the Grand Duke Dmitrii Pavlovich on the throne, and proposed that I should help him. I declared positively that I would not associate myself with any adventure in behalf of the Romanovs. They proposed to me that I enter the Government. Oh, no! Those gentlemen are too much bound to the Soviets. We must see that Russia gets a Constitutional Convention, and then let them do what they want.'

At Berdichev the 'Committee of the Front' was agitating energetically. Meetings were constantly being held, and other propaganda was going on among the typical rear-section troops comprising the garrison. It was charged that I was conspiring to overthrow the Temporary Government and restore Nikolas II to the throne. Proclamations to this effect were distributed freely among the soldiers, posted upon the walls, and scattered through the city from speeding automobiles. Nervousness increased; noise and disorder filled the streets. The Committee members became bolder and more exacting in their relations with General Markov, my Chief of Staff. We learned that there was great agitation at Lysoi Hill; so the Staff sent officers to explain the situation and, if possible, to pacify the troops. Lieutenant Kletsando, who served as a liaison officer with the Austrian prisoners, was attacked by Russian soldiers, and slightly wounded one of them in defending himself. This incident added fuel to the fire.

From the window of my house, I observed how crowds of soldiers were gathering on Lysoi Hill, how they were drawing up into a column, how for a long time — two hours — they held meetings, seemingly still undecided. At last the column, which contained a squadron of orderlies (former field-gendarmes), a reserve hundred, and several other armed units, with a mass of red flags, and headed by two armored cars, began to move toward the city. At the appearance of an armored car, threatening to open fire, the Orenburg Cossack Hundred, on guard before the headquarters of the Staff and the house of the Commander-in-Chief, galloped off under cover. We were entirely in

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the power of the Revolutionary Democracy.

'Revolutionary guardsmen' were stationed around the building. Kalchinskii, Assistant-Chairman of the Soldiers' Committee, led four armed comrades into the building for the purpose of arresting General Markov; but, wavering in his purpose, he contented himself with leaving two so-called experts from the 'Committee of the Front' in the reception room of the Chief of Staff, for the purpose of controlling his work. A radiogram was sent to the Government: 'General Denikin and all his staff are detained at headquarters; the direction of military operations is, in the interest of defense, left to him, under rigid control by the delegates of the Committee.'

Then began a tedious period of waiting that seemed endless. I shall never forget those hours, and words fail me to express the agony that filled my soul.

At 4 P.M., on August 29, General Markov asked me to step into the reception room, where Kostitsyn, Assistant to the Commissar, and ten or fifteen armed committeemen were waiting. Kostitsyn then read an order, issued by Jordanskii, Commissar for the Southwestern Front, directing that myself, Markov, and Orlov, the Quartermaster-General, be arrested for attempting armed opposition to the Temporary Government. I replied that only the Commander-in-Chief of the Army, or the Temporary Government itself, could dismiss the Commander on the Southwestern Front, and that Jordanskii was acting contrary to law; therefore, I said, I submitted only under duress.

Automobiles convoyed by armored cars were waiting for us. Markov and I took our seats. We were obliged to wait for some time inside the Staff Building until Orlov, who was transferring the official documents of the Staff, could join us. People passing by showed intense curiosity.

We were taken to Lysoi Hill, our automobiles detouring and stopping at several buildings before we reached the guardhouse. We had to pass through a crowd of about a hundred men who were waiting for our arrival. They greeted us with glances of hatred and with vile abuse. We were placed in separate rooms. Kostitsyn kindly offered to send me anything I needed; but I refused to receive favors from him. The door slammed, the key was turned with a creaking noise, and I was left alone.

On September 1, the Temporary Government arrested General Kornilov, and on the fourth of the same month it freed from prison Bronshtein-Trotskiĭ. Those dates will be remembered by Russians.

Chamber No. 1. About six square yards of floor. One little window with iron bars. In the door, a small peephole. Bunk, table, and a bench. It is hard to breathe — on one side is an ill-smelling place. On the other side of the wall — in No. 2 — is General Markov, pacing with long nervous steps. For some reason I remember to this day that he was able to take in his cell only three steps, while I contrived seven in mine along a crooked path. The prison is full of obscure sounds. The strained ear begins to distinguish them and it little by little catches the routine of prison life, and even its moods and feelings. The guard — perhaps detailed from the guard battalion — consists of rough, revengeful men.

Early morning. Someone's voice sounds. From where? Outside the window, gripping the iron bars and hanging from them, are two soldiers. They watch me with hard, evil eyes and in hysterical voices they heap me with vile abuse. They throw into the open

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window ill-smelling dirt. There is nowhere to go to escape their eyes. I turn toward the door — there in the peephole are a pair of eyes glaring with the same hatred, and from the door also choice epithets are hurled into my cell. I lie down on my bunk and cover my head with my cloak. I lie so for hours, the whole day, — one day, two days, — while these 'public prosecutors' constantly change at the window and door. The guard lets everybody who wishes come to look at us.

And into the narrow suffocating cell pours a constant stream of loathsome words, shouts, revilings — the creations of monstrous ignorance, blind hatred, and benighted savagery. . . . The whole soul seems drenched with a drunken spittle and there is no escape from it, there is no exit from this moral torture-chamber. What do they say? 'Wanted to open the front!' 'Sold out to the Germans!' Even the sum is named — 'Twenty thousand rubles.' 'Wanted to take away land and freedom!' This is not their own accusation: it is that of the Revolutionary Committee. 'Commander-in-chief, general, nobleman!' — this is their own! 'Drank our blood, had command over us, let us rot in prison; now is our time of freedom — you yourself sit behind the bars!' 'Played the grand gentleman, took joy-rides in cars — now you lie on the bunk, son of a ——!' 'Not many days are left.' 'We won't wait till you escape.' 'We with our own hands will choke you!'

These warriors of the rear guard did not know me. But all that had been accumulating for years and centuries in their sore hearts against a hated Government, against the inequality of classes; all their personal grievances, all their lives broken by the guilt of those in power, all this pours out now in an inexhaustible flood of savagery. And the higher the former rank of the person whom they hold to be the people's enemy, the greater is his fall, the more intense is their animosity, the more pleasure it gives them to hold him in their hands. Behind the curtain are the managers who incessantly add fuel to the people's hatred and passions, who, though they do not personally believe in the villainy of the accused, let them go to destruction for the delectation of the mob, to justify their own actions, and for the honor of their sectarian dogmas.

I lie on the bunk-head, covered completely by my cloak, and under the shower of abuse attempt to give myself a clear answer to the question, 'For what have I been brought to this?'

No, I never was an enemy of the soldier. I throw away my cloak, jump out of the bunk, and go to the window, outside of which a soldier is hanging to the bars and screaming curses.

'You lie, soldier! You do not speak for yourself. If you were not a coward hiding in the rear, if you were in battle, you saw that the officers knew how to die! You saw —'

The hands leave the bars and the figure disappears; I think simply because of my stern shout that, notwithstanding my helplessness as a captive, has its old authority.

New faces appear at the window and at the peephole in the door.

We do not always meet insolence, though. Sometimes we can see, under an assumed roughness, a feeling of shyness, of awkwardness, even of sympathy. But the men are ashamed of such sentiments. On the first cold night, when we did not have any belongings with us, a guard brought his soldier's cloak to General Markov, who had forgotten to bring his cloak with him. But after half an hour, either feeling ashamed himself or being blamed by his fellows, he took his cloak back.

It is distressing. My feelings seem

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to be divided: I hate and condemn the mob — wild, cruel, and senseless; but I feel sympathy for the soldier — ignorant illiterate, led astray, equally able to commit the most cruel crime or to perform the highest act of heroism.

The mob, more than once, on various provocations, collected before the guardhouse and let out wild roars, threatening to lynch us. In these cases the guard battalion assembled in a hurry, putting machine guns in readiness. I remember being fully conscious of danger when the mob raged with particular fury. I planned my defense: there was on the table a heavy bottle with water; it was sufficient to crack the head of the first attacker breaking into the cell; his blood would inflame the passions of his 'comrades' still more, and they would kill me outright, without torturing.

Trifling incidents add a moment's variety to our lives. Sometimes a Cadet-Bolshevik, stopping at the door, recounts news to the guard — out loud, so that he would be heard in the cell. He tells how the Comrades at the last meeting on Lysoi Hill, having lost patience, have decided to finish us at once by taking the law into their own hands, which we deserve. Once Markov, passing in the hall, saw a guardsman leaning upon his rifle, sobbing and shedding tears — he was sorry for us. What strange, unusual sentimentality for our beastly times!

For two weeks I do not go out of my cell to take a walk, for I do not want to be exposed to the curiosity of the Comrades, who besiege the guardhouse, and watch the arrested generals as they would watch animals exhibited in a menagerie. We have no communication with our neighbors. There is much time for reflection and introspection.

Each day, when I open my window, I can hear from the opposite house a high tenor — I do not know whether friend or foe — singing: —

> This is the last day
> I walk with you, my friends!

On the second or third day following my arrest a copy of a newspaper, either accidentally or purposely, reaches my cell, and I read in it the decree of the Temporary Government sent to the Governing Senate on August 29: —

> Commander-in-Chief of the armies of the Southwestern Front, General-Lieutenant Denikin, is dismissed from his position and will be court-martialed for mutiny.
>
> Prime Minister A. Kerenskii
> Minister of War B. Sovinkov
>
> In the presence of the Prosecuting Attorney of the Front, General Batog.

At the preliminary hearing I testify: (1) No army officer arrested with me took part in any action against the Government; (2) all orders to the Staff during the last days in connection with the action of General Kornilov were given by me; (3) I held and hold now that the measures of the Temporary Government are criminal and ruinous to the country; notwithstanding this I did not revolt against it.

About September 8 or 10, when the preliminary hearings are finished, a change occurs in our prison régime. Newspapers reach our cells almost daily. In the second half of September even visitors are allowed us.

We learn in detail the fate of Kornilov, and that they contemplate transferring our 'Berdichev group' to Bykhov for trial, together with Kornilov's group. This news causes the liveliest interest and great satisfaction. From this day on the main theme of our conversation is: Will they transfer us or leave us here?

Commissar Kostitsyn, when I ask him about this during his inspection of the chambers, answers: 'Nothing can be done. Your own General Batog in-

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sists that the transfer is not permissible, and that the court trial must take place without delay here in Berdichev.'

Batog, prosecuting attorney — friend of the revolutionary democracy! How strange! A reactionary — notorious for his cruel sentences — who advocated restoring serfdom, who had been a tool of the inner circle of the military court during the old régime! The same Batog who, on August 28, coming to me to report, and glancing sidewise with his rapidly twinkling eyes, remarked in a pathetic voice about my telegram to the Government: 'At last somebody has told these *traitors* some frank truths about themselves, that they deserved to hear, in the presence of all.'

On September 14 the Central Executive Committee of the Soviet of the Workers' and Soldiers' Deputies in Petrograd decides that we should be transferred to Bykhov. The date set for the transfer is September 27 at 5 P.M.

By arrangement of the Committee, a general meeting of the whole garrison is called at 2 P.M. in the field at the side of our prison. An immense throng gathers. The representatives of the Commissariat and of the Committee of the Front announce the order for our transfer to Bykhov, designedly making public the hour of our departure; and they urge the garrison to be prudent. The meeting lasts a long time, and, indeed, has not adjourned when, about 5 P.M., an agitated mob of thousands surrounds the guardhouse and a dull murmur breaks into the building. We wait. One hour, two.

The meeting continues. Many speakers urge that they immediately take the law into their own hands. A soldier who had been wounded by Kletsando cries out hysterically and demands his head. From the verandah of the guardhouse Kostitsyn and Grigor'ev, assistants to the Commissar, and dear Betling speak several times, heatedly and passionately. We cannot hear what they say.

At last, pale and agitated, Betling and Kostitsyn come to me.

'What is your pleasure? The mob gives its word not to touch you; it only demands that you go to the station on foot. We can not vouch for anything.'

I answer: 'Let us go!' I bare my head and make the sign of the cross. With God's blessing!

The mob is furious. We seven men, surrounded by a handful of cadets headed by Betling, who walks at my side with a drawn sword in his hand, have to pass along a narrow corridor through a living, human sea that presses in upon us from all sides. In front are Kostitsyn and twelve or thirteen delegates selected by the garrison to convoy us. Night is at hand. And in its dreadful darkness, pierced sometimes by the rays of the searchlight of an armored car, the insane mob moves; it spreads and rolls like molten lava. The air is filled with a deafening roar, mad screams, and stinking abuse.

At times the strong, alarmed voice of Betling rises above the din: 'Comrades, you gave your word! Comrades, you gave your word!'

The cadets, glorious youths, beset from all sides, cleave with their breasts the oncoming mob as it breaks against their thin line. As we are passing pools of water, left by the rain the day before, the soldiers take up handfuls of dirt, and throw it at us. Our faces, eyes, and ears are covered with foul mud. Stones fly. The face of poor crippled General Orlov is seriously injured; General Erdeli gets a blow, and I — on the back and head.

On the way we exchange simple sentences. I turn to Markov: 'What, dear professor? Is this the end?'

'It looks that way.'

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The mob does not permit us to go directly to the station. We must take a roundabout way, altogether more than three miles through the main streets of the city. The mob increases. The balconies of the Berdichev houses are filled with the curious; the women wave their handkerchiefs. From above are heard gleeful throaty voices:

'Long live liberty!'

The station is flooded with light. Here a fresh mob of several thousand men is waiting for us. They form a confused sea of humanity — storming, roaring. With great difficulty we are piloted through the surging mass, under a shower of hate and abuse. Howling hysterically and hurling helpless threats at the mob, stands an officer, son of El'sner. His orderly is sympathetically trying to calm him and takes away his revolver. Beyond, dumb from horror, are two women, sister and wife of Kletsando, who had planned to accompany him. We wait one hour, two. They do not let a train come in — a prison car is demanded, but there is no such car at the station. The mob threatens to chastise the Commissars. Kostitsyn is slightly trampled upon. A freight car littered with horse manure is sent in. What does it matter! We climb in without the aid of a ladder; unfortunate Orlov is helped in with difficulty; hundreds of fists are brandished toward us through the close and strong line of cadets. It is ten o'clock already. The locomotive draws out. The mob roars still louder. Two shots. The train moves.

Then the noise slowly dies away; the lights grow dim. Good-bye, Berdichev!

UNOFFICIAL ASPECTS OF GENOA

[*Gallic and Teutonic temperament and moods characterize the two descriptions of the unofficial side of the Genoa Conference that follow. Whatever the permanent results of that meeting, the atmosphere in which it was held and the personalities of its principal actors will always have historical interest. 'Personalities and Portraits' is from the pen of Jean de Pierrefeu, a brilliant Paris journalist, author of* G. Q. G., *perhaps the most popular war book that has appeared in France. This article is translated from* L'Illustration *of April* 29 *and May* 3. *'The Diary of an Illusionist' is by an anonymous correspondent of* Frankfurter Zeitung, *and appeared in that paper April* 19, 22, 27, *and May* 4.]

I. PERSONALITIES AND PORTRAITS

THE famous city of Genoa is swarming with uniforms. It is in a state of siege — a siege of hospitality, a blockade of courtesy. Babel itself never had such a competent traffic service or such trim streets. Genoa, as polished as its soldiers, seems made over; the picturesque and dusty Italy of Stendhal is no more.

The works of peace bear a family likeness to those of war. Every staff — even a civilian staff — begins operations by securing the roomiest lodgings available, with requisition for its principal weapon. A few paces from the station, at the foot of an abrupt slope, rises the luxurious and commonplace Hotel Savoia, once the Majestic, with the French flag waving above it and guarded by two helmeted soldiers. It

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is the French General Headquarters for the Conference. A placard informs travelers that the house is full. For the time being, a tourist cannot find a single room in Genoa. Like a hotbed that disdains to grow anything but early vegetables, this privileged city sprouts nothing but journalists and diplomats.

The business of hotel-keeping is highly simplified. To the manager of every hotel a diplomat is assigned, a *maréchal de logis* for the whole delegation. Our own, M. Carteron, has the grand air and the smile that hail straight from the Quai d'Orsay. Quarters are apportioned according to hierarchical rules of the old régime. You have to be a personage above the common station to get an outside room, and diplomats merely attached to the delegation have to content themselves with rooms opening on a court. The same etiquette determines the places of the guests in the dining-hall. A consul takes higher rank than an attaché, an attaché higher rank than a mere expert, a financial expert takes precedence of an economic expert, while even a stenographer from the Quai d'Orsay is as important as two newspaper men. The precautions taken bring back the shade of Machiavelli. The porter has orders to receive no packages. What becomes of them? An inspector bears them away for investigation, as a precaution against possible bombs.

In spite of its five stories, the Savoia is not large enough to shelter the whole French delegation and all its assistants, whose number grows from day to day. If we summon half a dozen more experts, they will have to build two more stories; but fortunately a rich shipowner of Genoa, Commander Raggio, has generously placed at the disposal of the heads of the delegation his magnificent villa above the Lido d'Albaro. Not content with entertaining MM. Barthou, Colrat, and Barrère, the Commander carried his hospitality so far as to reserve the principal floor of his villa for M. Poincaré, in case that gentleman should decide to come to Genoa after all!

The sympathies with the Vatican that M. Colrat has shown, led to the placing of a monumental prie-dieu in his room, but so far no one has seen anything more devotional than a geographic atlas resting on its little desk. As for M. Barrère, his sole devotions are musical; his violin case goes with him no matter where he travels.

All morning long the Savoia is empty, but at noon it begins to hum like a beehive with the arrival of the successive elements of the troupe. A full chorus of journalists is commenting on the news of the morning. Living in lodgings scattered almost everywhere through the city, they dash for the French G.Q.G. when it is time for news to be given out. Already they know everything that has been going on, for they have made a hundred visits and received news by a thousand channels. News, like a flood, touches the lowland first and reaches the summits later on.

The delegations themselves do not always receive the latest developments in the same order. Sometimes the Poles are the first to know something, sometimes the Yugoslavs, sometimes the English — very seldom the French. M. Bénès, Premier of Czechoslovakia, often saves us the mortification of knowing nothing at all. A journalist with his first tip springs into a taxi and starts off to make the rounds of every delegation. You might take him for a physician visiting his patients; and as a matter of fact the Press does feel the pulse of the Conference, look at its tongue, and take its temperature. There are six hundred of them in all, doctors for better or worse, bonesetters or great specialists, who send out to the four quarters of the globe their bulle-

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tins — alarming or reassuring — of the patient's health.

The experts are calmer. They are a kind of corps de ballet at the Conference. Their intermezzi amid the discussions in the bosom of each commission bring back serenity to the spirit. An expert knows only one thing, but he knows that well; taken out of his specialty, he lapses into an abyss of metaphysical nothingness. But do you want to know how many ships passed Section 430 of the Danube on Palm Sunday last year? There is an expert at Genoa who will instantly give you the correct information. It has happened that some question brought up by a Slovene or an Esthonian remained unanswered for a few hours — oh, not very long! — just long enough to telegraph to Paris. By return express the expert arrives, having thoroughly threshed out the question in his sleeping-car.

On the other hand, there are various curious persons who have not yet found anything to do. There are three, entrusted with the solution of agricultural enigmas, who despair of ever getting in a word. At their head is M. Ricard, a former Minister of Agriculture, who has finally been assigned to the subcommission on passports. We are waiting for a Colonial expert to arrive, it is said, not because anyone wanted him, but because the Colonial Minister, finding that he had no representative at the Conference, felt himself unable to endure such humiliation.

Our experts enjoy the esteem of Europe, and the characteristic French exactness of their information astonishes the younger peoples. The expert is indeed a flower of the higher civilization. You need a country where culture and polished manners have prevailed for at least four centuries in order to produce an expert worthy of the name.

The experts are certainly very useful to the negotiators, and they seem to be developing into a kind of alibi for M. Lloyd George. Let a Bolshevik reply with a simple 'Nitschevo' ['No matter' — the characteristic Russian evasion of a difficulty], and immediately the experts are summoned to weigh the exact meaning of the answer. On these solemn occasions there are never less than seven of them.

The experts are gradually coming to play the parts of augurs who seek the future in the entrails of beasts and the flight of birds. They are charged with the task of making out the sincerity of what people say and the nature of mental reservations. Thank Heaven we shall never see our French experts taking part in any of these sleep-walking scenes! If the journalists have little to do with the experts, whose services are reserved for the delegates, they at least meet an extremely interesting sort of official personage in the official press agents. These gentlemen are the pillars of the Tower of Babel.

During the two years in which French journalists have followed the European conferences, they have grown slightly weary of the scenarios offered them. Little by little they have come to demand more and more violent effects. The play interrupted at Cannes has stirred up a free-theatre tradition that delights them. They want to see M. Barthou stamp out of the Conference banging the door, and they are not far from regarding the fall of the minister conducting the negotiations as part of the new tradition. For lack of such dramatic incidents, they occupy themselves with hunting for the 'trap' spread beneath our feet, and they try to discover the villain in the melodrama. Needless to say, in Genoa there are plenty of villains to choose from.

There is no one like M. Barthou for adjusting himself nicely to this particular attitude. Accustomed to parliamentary methods, he understood what was

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expected of him. When he scented the storm in the air, he dashed off to the Savoia at seven o'clock in the evening. You might have thought he was a leading man, receiving the critics in his dressing-room at the fall of the curtain, still in costume and with the make-up only half wiped off. His whole attitude seemed to be saying, 'Thank you, thank you, my friends! What a success! What a success!' His voice assumed alluring tones; he positively approached the golden voice of the Great Sarah. He smiled around on the well-known faces, his spectacles shedding a cascade of sparks. Like all great actresses, he never lets any name but his own get on the billboards. Very cleverly, even while he wore the air of one bowing beneath his laurels, he complained of the injustice of certain critics, at the same time dismally proclaiming that they were free to praise or blame, just as they pleased.

Before all this simpering, the journalists' hearts were softened. Some repented of the bitter dispatches they had sent only an hour before and speculated on ways and means of modifying what they had said. Others abandoned the cruel word already poised on pen point. New hands at the game cast furious looks at Pertinax who, with a gleam in his eye and brown as an Argentine, held his jaws clamped grimly and firmly together like a young doge, resolved to follow his own path, cost what it might. M. Barthou sensed the psychological moment, and casting a devastating glance over the man who stood out against him, breathed a flattering word in his direction. Pertinax started. His frown relaxed, and he ventured upon a smile. Another word, — this time to Mr. Steed, editor of the London *Times*, — a smile to Maurice Pernot, the gestures of a churchly dignitary, and the grand feud had disappeared. The press notices would n't be bad. Yet, within the hour, in the fever of hasty composition, the phrases already prepared will slip out spontaneously, and the dispatch to the home office will be what the passing moment dictates, what it is made by time or chance, the god of journalists.

The Press, as you see, has no lack of orators to entertain it. M. Lloyd George gave an audience to five hundred journalists at the Palazzo San Giorgio. He stood, like an improvisor, for a whole hour, replying to questions put to him on paper; but by a singular chance, not one of the slips handed in by the French journalists ever reached him. Herr Rathenau never was willing to be at rest. At the Municipio he gave a conference to the journalists of the whole world, one hand on his heart, the other in his pocket. Before departing, everybody received two or three circulars in which the German point of view was elucidated.

The heart of Babel beats almost everywhere, and these days its rhythm is a bit disordered. M. Lloyd George communicates to it his adventurous fever for bestriding the clouds, his capricious Celtic will, and his whim for upsetting things. The Political Commission, as a matter of fact, holds its sittings, now here, now there. It is a perpetual picnic, a permanent 'pick me up,' sometimes at Castel Raggio, with M. Facta as host, sometimes at the Villa de Albertis, with M. Lloyd George. Sometimes the Commission transforms itself into a Subcommission, very much as a gentleman wears business suit or pajamas, according to circumstances.

The weather has been stormy for the last three weeks, the barometers show extremely low pressure, and M. Lloyd George is enveloped in clouds. Two or three storms seem to have burst, too much electricity having accumulated during the last few days. A queer sort of storm: M. Barthou launches sharp

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and dazzling thunderbolts; M. Lloyd George rumbles to himself like a church organ; M. Facta, assisted by M. Bénès, holds an umbrella over the drenched Conference with all his might and main, lest it should disperse to the four corners of the earth.

What a charming host M. Facta makes! Any fête over which he presides ought to succeed. 'Let us be gay, gentlemen, that's what we 're here for.' If a guest forgets himself and makes a break, this admirable host laughs it off. No matter, gentlemen! Our friend is simply joking. You don't like the Russian Memorandum? What does it matter? Friend Chicherin asks only a chance to withdraw it. He won't refuse anything to me — and M. Facta bends over toward the Russian, thin and shabby as an ignorant, ill-nourished college-fag, who with naïve pride is slyly eying a fine signed portrait of the King of Italy, a cousin of the Tsar.

Sometimes the Political Commission takes on the aspect of a literary contest. M. Barthou brings forth a note edited by the French delegation, in which, with the hand of an Academician, he has scattered purple patches worthy of the best authors. M. Lloyd George, meantime, is looking over, with considerable satisfaction, a paper that he has composed himself. His spectacles dance in his hand with a familiar gesture, and over his lips a sly smile wanders. M. Facta surveys the two of them with vague foreboding in the bottom of his heart. Hum! Hum! The reading begins. M. Skirmund, the Pole, listens with his whole heart and soul; M. Bénès thinks about something else, for, being the best-informed man in the whole Conference, he knows already what it is all about. The two documents are curiously parallel, though wholly different in content. There is clearly an arm of the sea between them.

Who will cross the Channel? M. Lloyd George refuses to be the first. He admits that the French note is a marvel of literary style, but he says it is off the subject. There is a lot of froth, but he can't find the beer. The Academician in him wounded to the quick, M. Barthou casts off the diplomat. The English document, he replies in that sharp voice he uses on days of interpellation in the Chamber, is also a model of style, a splendid model for a Protestant sermon; but it has no practical basis. (There is a dialogue something like this in Molière, is n't there?)

Then a plan is proposed to smooth the ruffled plumage of the two literary men. It is decided to name a group of experts, who will try to combine the two documents; and in order that there may be no lack of affability, M. Facta, M. Theunis, and some others are invited to insert the phrases that they like best. Is it likely that a piece of literary art written in such collaboration will be a masterpiece?

'The gentleman in Paris' — this is M. Lloyd George's discreet way of referring to M. Poincaré — keeps the British Prime Minister awake nights. As a leader he is rather spectral; but he is a leader who has been adroit enough to set up his pedestal at a distance and to show no signs of descending from it. He confines himself to sending instructions to his delegate over a special wire. That special wire constitutes a kind of keyboard, on which the interlocutors play, every man according to his fashion. In this way it is possible to have both letter and spirit at your fingertips. Has M. Poincaré these last few days been playing on the magic keyboard an invitation to travel? That is what puzzles M. Lloyd George, a gentlemanly boxer, who has a vision of his adversary leaving the ring at the very moment when he is planning a Russian uppercut that would put him to sleep.

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There are a good many people in Babel, but they can find plenty of accommodation in the sumptuous Palazzo Reale. Between two ranks of *carabinieri* with their red and blue plumes — a warlike vestibule for a peace conference! — the delegations advance twice each day, escorted by their secretaries and their experts. The cloakroom on the right is in the hands of trim, swift Italian sailors, and the elevator is run by a cabin boy. The Russians were all smiles at this, which seemed a good omen to them. They like sailors, the right-hands of revolution.

During the first days you had to show a clean hand to get into the Palazzo Reale, even if you were a Bolshevik; but now the *carabinieri* can tell at a glance whether you belong or not. All the workmen in the economic and financial workshop, who have come to Genoa to give the planet a touching up, have a family likeness that nobody could mistake, and the Conference air about them is emphasized by horn spectacles and leather port-folios.

Formal dress represents the ultimate conquest of civilization. Finns, Esthonians, Dutchmen, Magyars, Russians, Japanese, Croats, are all agreed in their love for formal dress. These people, who yesterday were garbed in their national costume, and who then would have made a sensation in the streets of Genoa — behold them now, reduced to a common level by the power of the tailor, to whom is really entrusted the task of devising a composite uniform for the future United States of the World!

In appearance, however, if you look closely at the faces of these men, you will speedily find racial characteristics that no tailor — not even a London tailor — can wipe out. And how clearly this becomes visible presently, when, grouped by nations, they are seated around the green tables! Already at the buffet, whither several have gone to fortify themselves before settling down to work, you can see obvious differences in tastes and manners. The way they drink tea is itself enough to group the delegates into several distinct families. The movement of a delegate buttering a roll reveals more to a philosopher than the perusal of ten volumes of anthropology. Tea or chocolate? There you have the great divisions of the world, for one belongs to Anglo-Saxon culture and the other to the Latin genius. It seems as though the Japanese are developing a taste for chocolate, even though they are tea-producers; but then, the speed with which the Japanese can assimilate is stupefying, and they come closer every day to the European type.

In the centre of the horseshoe table of the Conference are two little tables. One is for the interpreters, the other for the secretaries of the League of Nations. There is no more curious species in the whole Conference fauna. An interpreter, in spite of his polyglot functions, does not lose his national character. In physical appearance, manners, and accent, he still belongs to a definite country; but the secretaries of the League of Nations have achieved the type international. These young men, cleanly shaven and with an indeterminate grace, are, I should say, universal; and no trait of their glances or their frigid bearing reveals their national origin. Triumph of the moral over the physical — they are at once from every place and no place! Is a new race beginning? Are these the Adams of the pacifist Paradise? Are these the first draft of the citizens of the new world, without frontiers or countries? A disturbing reflection, truly! I am afraid they are destined to live an isolated existence for a long time, for the clearest result of the Conference is the vigor it has imparted to national individualities.

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II. THE DIARY OF AN ILLUSIONIST

GENOA is in gala attire. *La Conferenza* is in every mouth. Students are clustered around the portals of the University, singing *Gaudeamus*, for to-day the semester ends and to-morrow vacation begins. They part courteously to make way for us. Two of them volunteer as guides, as we ascend a noble flight of steps in the old Palace to the tablet where are chiseled the names of the professors and students of the University of Genoa who fell in the war. They number several hundred. There is no pose when the students show these; no implied 'You are responsible for the crosses behind these names.' They seem to say, rather, 'You see the war has done by us as it did by you.'

Unemployed working people fill the benches in the Piazza. One of them said to me: 'I came back from America to fight for my country. I had a fine job there. They say we won the war. Now I have nothing to do. The rest here are in the same position. Nearly two thirds of our workers are unemployed.' Statistics show that he exaggerated, but the tragedy of the fact remains. And it is a tragedy that exists in every country.

The Unknown Soldier, and men made idle by the war, should stand on guard before the Conference Hall, and not let the delegates leave until they give the world peace, work, and bread.

The delegates are lodged at a distance from each other, as is befitting enemies. The mysterious Russians have the remotest quarters — at Rapallo. Others are at Nervi. But there are places where all may meet informally. One of these neutral zones is the foyer of Carlo Felice Theatre. It seems strange to note that the rulers of the monarchies here represented are never mentioned; nor will any of them, except the King of Italy, appear in person. Kings and emperors evidently take a back seat in European diplomacy. Thrones are out of fashion, so to speak, dethroned by the times, like Victorian mantelpieces, plush portières, and wax-candle chandeliers. At best they are mere æsthetic survivals.

Press headquarters are at the Casa della Stampa, a palace formerly occupied by the General Staff. The Nationalists, or 'neighbor-eaters,' are not prominent here. The men you meet are drawn hither by an honest desire to know each other better, as well as by professional interest. Occasionally a trace of the spy spirit crops out, and there is keen rivalry for news among the correspondents. But this rivalry is sharpest among journalists from the same country.

Only a few journalists were permitted to see the first session of the Conference at Palazzo San Giorgio. Several hundred applied, but places were available for only one hundred. That was hardly sufficient for the press of the whole world, when we consider how much the spirit of such a meeting counts for in a veracious account of the proceedings. We had stenographic reports and official interviews in abundance, but the journalist does not live by the word alone. He must be something more than a telephone transmitter. He must be in living touch with events.

It was so wearisome to listen to the translations of every speech that several correspondents left the session too soon, and missed the duet — not announced upon the programme — by Barthou and Chicherin, just before adjournment. It almost proved a discord.

The English delegates are quartered at Miramare, halfway up the heights

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upon which Genoa reclines. They have a broad view over the busy harbor. It is a sensible, businesslike location, convenient for the task in hand. There is a broad terrace for promenading, like the deck of an immense vessel. At Genoa this exercise must take the place of golf.

France's delegation is accommodated at the Savoia, in the very middle of the city, at the centre of its life and traffic. They are not far from the railway station and from the Casa della Stampa. The Germans are housed at Eden Hotel, somewhat retired in a garden that invites the guests to philosophical contemplation and meditative promenades.

Moscow's delegates have been given quarters where they are protected from idle curiosity by a great park fit for royal princes. This is surrounded by a lattice fence and orange trees, whose fruit will fall uninvited into the guest's lap, if he is persevering and patient. The automobiles assigned the delegates are constantly speeding back and forth over the beautiful boulevard to Genoa, though no one knows whither they are going or whence they come.

Italians are everywhere. Their headquarters, however, are at the Palazzo Reale. They are princely hosts, but at the same time intent on making Genoa serve a practical purpose.

An English friend related to me how, at the beginning of the war, he was interested in a textile factory that undertook to manufacture a huge quantity of tents. It wove miles of canvas and made the fabric up ready for shipping; but just before delivering the tents, it was discovered that no provision had been made for tent pins. These must be procured immediately. Then it developed that there was only one little puttering shop in England engaged in the manufacture of this particular specialty. Consequently the firm had to buy rush-order machines for manufacturing tent pins in great quantities, build a factory to accommodate them, and practically set up a new industry. This story illustrates how important an apparently trifling thing may be in a big enterprise.

I thought of this anecdote when I tried to picture to myself what would have happened if the Italian Committee in charge of preparations for the Conference had not selected the telephone girls at Casa della Stampa with extraordinary skill and care. An army of journalists, speaking Italian, German, French, English, Russian, Hungarian, and Saxon, — for in their excitement these men reverted to their local patois, — stormed hour after hour against the little railing that separated these girls from the main body of the room, begging, threatening, shouting, wrangling, calling for Rome, Milan, Paris, Zurich, Basel, Freiburg, Frankfort, Berlin, and a hundred other places. In addition to these terminals, there were as many more relay stations to be considered. On account of the long distances these messages were transmitted, numerous interruptions and delays occurred, which did not tend to calm the excitement of the eager correspondents. The concentrated attack upon the patience and endurance of the telephone girls was like the beating of a stormy sea upon a coast; but they kept their composure and performed their task efficiently and fairly.

Naturally only liberal Germans could talk frankly with the French, and even they had to be careful. The number of reasonable men in our neighboring republic continues to grow; no one wishes war or a foreign policy that will cause new complications. Frenchmen want peace, but also want their money from us. France has won the war; she has suffered frightful losses; she has devastated territories; she is in a desperate financial situation. When we admit all this, but insist that we have already

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paid very considerable sums, that we are doing our best and cannot do more than we are doing now, we find it impossible to convince a single Frenchman that a country where machinery is running, where profiteers are still making fortunes, cannot pay more. We resort to an illustration. If you put a single coin on a glass tray, and rotate the tray rapidly, it will look as if the tray had several pieces of money on it. That is the way with Germany and its apparent wealth. Business is whirling around like the tray, because our money is growing worthless; and for that reason what few real marks we have seem to be multiplied into billions.

I have left my hotel, because we Germans are poor and have no reason to conceal the fact. While a foreigner of modest means can live in Germany like a prince, because of the high value of his money, we must live almost like beggars abroad for the same reason. I tried to find how modestly I would have to live in order not to draw exorbitantly upon my funds. I discovered that by lodging in a very modest room on the seventh floor of a tenement house, some distance from the centre of the city, and taking my meals at equally modest neighborhood restaurants, I should have to pay about as much as in a first-class hotel in Germany, with the best of everything.

But I must not be too boastful of my heroism. My little room, as clean as the neatest German housewife could demand, had a beautiful view over the mountains surrounding Genoa; and the roof above had a delightful outlook. Whenever the evening was cool or windy, my *padrona* would insist with motherly care that I come in. If I left a coat with a loose button hanging in my room, it would be carefully sewed on when I returned. To be sure, there was another side to the situation. One has to become accustomed to a washbasin somewhat smaller than the cup in which coffee is served in the morning. But instead of taking two cups of coffee and washing once, one can reverse the process. And a true epicure will find more to please him in the little local restaurants that I patronized than in a pretentious tourist hotel with its routine international bill of fare.

This Conference is a heavy financial burden for impoverished Germany. Prices are very high, and the hotels in which the German delegates and experts are quartered do not charge modest rates. I have not observed, however, that the gentlemen who represent us here are greatly concerned, for the money does not come out of their private pockets.

There is much courting of public opinion. Every nation in disunited Europe is trying to win the moral support of the world. All the delegates, except the Germans, have press conferences at regular periods. The Russians — veteran propagandists that they are — are the most skillful. At first they held their conferences in a room at the Hotel de Gènes that would have made a fitting boudoir for one of the marquises of Louis the Great. Cupids and allegorical deities gazed down from the ceiling — in the dim light of 'nineteen o'clock' I could not tell whether in amusement or wrath — upon these Wise Men from the East, whose unctuous smoothness is beyond compare. But so many attended these affairs that Russia has been obliged to transfer them to the University. On special occasions the 'big guns' themselves appear. At such times it is difficult to secure admittance, and these celebrities are greeted with the empressement accorded to a world-famous prima donna.

Lloyd George is the father of the Conference. Perhaps for this reason he has something of the manner of a

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schoolmaster. If one of his Conference boys is naughty, he roars at him threateningly, and when the latter promises in terror not to do it again, he speedily recovers his good humor and is sunshine itself. When he learned that a treaty had been signed between Germany and Russia, he was so furious that there was no anger left in Genoa for his French partner to use. A man who heard his warm-hearted, soothing voice forty-eight hours later, in the Conference Hall of San Giorgio, telling us all how he realized that the Germans did not mean anything bad, could hardly escape a gasp of surprise at his sudden change of mood. Apparently one purpose dominates every other in his mind: to hold his European children together in the service of a great ideal. Is he really under the sway of this ideal? Has he truly a vision of a greater Europe to take the place of Greater Britain? Or is this only common sense and instinctive grasping for the policy of greatest profit? Whose eye is sharp enough to pierce behind his countenance and to fathom the goodness — or perhaps only the good humor — that lies there?

All the delegates keep their eyes closely upon 'the folks at home.' How will this or that suggestion be received by their fellow countrymen? The delegates of France have ever in mind the professional boulevard shouter; Lloyd George, the coming election; the Germans, the next coalition; and so it runs around the circle.

The gentleman next to me at table remarked: 'That all comes of your parliamentary system.' I answered: 'Quite the contrary. It is due to the fact that most of these gentlemen have unparliamentary and undemocratic minds. They have no conception of what the Parliament, the political parties, and the common people, of which they stand in mortal terror, are. The common people want peace, and a man that brought home that peace would be received with acclamation, no matter what the momentary majority in Parliament might be. After that exhibition of public sentiment, Parliament and the parties would have no choice but to follow. However, our leaders are too little. They lack courage to shoulder responsibility. They hide themselves behind alleged democratic respect for parliamentary majorities. In reality they use democracy merely as a cloak to hide their own incompetence. They discredit the true idea of democratic leadership, which does not mean that the elected shall be the intellectual slaves of the electors. Democratic leadership means that the men elected are chosen because they have enough consciousness of responsibility and courage of conviction to obey the dictates of their own conscience as long as their period of office lasts. Their orders are: "Bring us peace, real peace, and business recovery, and a reorganization of Europe." The people's representatives to-day listen too much and hear too little.'

The King of Italy has made us a brief visit and was received with real enthusiasm. The fat proprietress of the restaurant where I was dining, her slender daughter, the kitchen staff, the cashier, and the guests, all ran out to cheer him as he passed. The proprietress had seen him but once, many years before at Verona, when he was quite a young man. She came back drenched with rain, but highly gratified. She had seen him. It meant good luck. I imagine, though, that she voted the Socialist ticket at the last municipal election. Politics are like religion in this country. People go to church, cross themselves — and jeer at Christianity and holy things in a way to make a Northerner blush. At heart the people are Republicans. They consider Parliament and the Constitution

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as the Government. But they are very fond of the King. They like the pomp that surrounds him. They admire bright uniforms, decorations, flags, and a big hurrah.

The city shook with laughter over the report that the Archbishop of Genoa and Chicherin sat next to each other in brotherly harmony at the Royal breakfast given by the King on board his warship. The two are said to have exchanged nothing but compliments. That indicates commendable liberality of mind on the part of both. To say the least, such episodes open promising perspectives. Let us have, besides freedom of religion, national self-determination and the right of everyone to choose the form of government he likes. Let each individual in any nation's territory select his own political constitution. Let adherents of the same governmental idea get together and set up a government for themselves, the way worshipers of the same confession form their own church. Let Monarchists have their King, Republicans their President, and Bolsheviki their Soviet. Then let these governing bodies meet in council, together with the dignitaries of the Church, as they did that morning at breakfast on board the Dante Alighieri, and settle matters that require their common action by friendly conversation.

A skeptical journalist friend said to me: 'You 're always talking about atmosphere. That's nothing but an illusion! Do you not see that it is only fear of being blamed as disturbers of the peace that holds this mob together? They also have business axes to grind. Just recall all the outcry against the Bolsheviki only a short time ago. Anyone who, out of sympathy for the Russian people or for some political object, ventured even to discuss relations with the Bolsheviki was ostracized and accused of being a secret champion of their doctrines. Now just see what we have at Genoa. Everybody is courting them. First of all, men want to collect their Russian debts. In the second place, they want to make money out of Russia as soon as it is safe to do so. For all they care, the Devil might rule Russia. People here cannot conceive that two others can speak to each other without conspiring against a third. Each delegation fortifies itself in its headquarters and surrounds the visits of its members to members of another delegation with deep mystery. Can't you appreciate that we are in a mediæval atmosphere of spies and intrigues? Where is your glorious spirit of conciliation, your dawn of a modern era, your new Europe? It's an illusion, nothing but an illusion!'

Uncle Sam is not present, in spite of the intense desire to have him. He says to himself: 'Why should I finance family quarrels? Is there any reason why I should give Marianne money for a bowie knife to stick between the ribs of her cousin Michel at the first opportunity? I can wait.'

So he has merely sent his reporters to keep him conversant with affairs — lively youngsters who are bored to death by prosy committee meetings, but are delighted when the bombs begin to fly. Many are former war-correspondents and quite familiar with that sort of thing. They are the guests of the English and naturally attend the British press conferences. If the atmosphere at these meetings becomes too diplomatic, they are very free with their leading questions and venturesome surmises.

A number are intent upon improving the opportunity while attending the Conference to do Italy in eight days, and, if possible, to include Oberammergau in the tour. They hope that by that time France will have sprung a

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new sensation, and there will be material for staring headlines.

But it is too bad that Uncle Sam stays at home. His vigorous presence would be like a breath of fresh air in the stuffy atmosphere of the Conference rooms.

The journalists have good reason to weary of the tedious sessions. The programme is repeatedly changed without notice, and some of the leading actors are as capricious and temperamental as prima donnas. Not infrequently, carefully studied speeches become upon delivery a mere series of interruptions. Only the hope that perhaps things will take a turn for the better to-morrow keeps our spirits up. We are also in a constant war over our telephone connections. Official delegates suddenly conceive a furious desire to confer at length with leaders at home, and requisition all the wires.

The Italian Government has been munificent. Journalists attending the Conference are given a reduction of 75 per cent in railway fares to every point in Italy. This encourages them to take brief respites from the jangling discords at Genoa — especially if they represent countries whose exchange is better than that of Italy.

Genoa rather suggests a Berlitz school where language serves to conceal meaning. Secrecy is the favorite sport of diplomatists. Even matters known to the public are 'strictly confidential.' Men give their word beforehand not to reveal anything. This encourages freer speaking, especially in the small commissions composed of experts. Unfortunately there is no commission to discuss the real question at issue — Europe. That is a theme that it is useless to consider officially, in view of the forbidden topics: Reparations and Disarmament. Consequently those topics are the theme of every private conversation and the alleged theme of every unofficial meeting among the delegates. Chicherin 'is said' to have talked these subjects over yesterday with the English; Lloyd George 'is said' to have discussed them with Barthou; Barthou with Schanzer; Schanzer with Rathenau; and Rathenau with Chicherin — until the circle is complete. Such separate conversations may be very useful if they actually occur. It is not necessary to talk for the gallery when the public is absent.

But the parties to these conversations are statesmen. Statesmen have acquired a habit of treating the relations between countries as a chess game, where the first move may determine who is to be the winner. We have European policies, but no policy for Europe. National egoism, instead of continental community of interest, is all-dominant.

However, among the common people a different spirit is moving. The gentlemen at Genoa are vaguely conscious of the fact. They feel that there is a ground swell rising beneath them that as yet has no name — a law that everyone will eventually be compelled to obey, a moral imperative likely to become more powerful than treaties, compacts, and leagues. I mean a world conscience. These gentlemen have little real appreciation of what such a conscience is, but they begin to be aware of its existence — and they fear it. None of them ventures to defy openly this invisible judge. No one wishes to be haled before it. But they are equally afraid of being unmasked as cowards. So they boast manfully and talk as if their Governments were all-powerful, though they are trembling in the balance and all may fall unless all support each other. But to appeal to one's neighbor for help would be unmanly. And if one delegation makes a concession, no matter how wise, it feels called upon to insist that this concession is

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really no concession whatever, but only apparently so — that it is a clear gain for its own nation. And the delegates are so committed to these tactics, so intimidated by the fear of revealing their weakness and the weakness of their country to their own people and to the world, that they have come at length honestly to believe their own false pretenses.

Yes, indeed. It is still a long, long way to Europe.

LLOYD GEORGE AS A WAR LORD

BY GENERAL SIR FREDERICK MAURICE

[*General Maurice, after long service in the British Army, was made director of military operations of the General Staff in* 1915. *In* 1918 *he became military correspondent of the* Daily Chronicle. *He is an authority upon the military history of the war.*]

From the *Westminster Gazette, May* 6, 13
(LIBERAL DAILY)

IT is customary for soldiers to damn politicians. While this is very natural, it has never seemed to me to be a very useful practice, for no soldier has yet invented an efficient substitute for the politician. It is more profitable, therefore, to try to make politicians better than to condemn them to perdition. As in this article I shall be very critical of some politicians, I wish to make it clear at once that my criticism will be no vague abuse, but an attempt to get at the truth for the guidance of ourselves and of posterity.

The general opinion to-day, perhaps less strongly held than it was a year ago, but still very prevalent, is that Mr. Asquith's Administration had brought us at the end of 1916 to the verge of ruin, from which we were saved by Mr. Lloyd George's advent to power; that Mr. Asquith's methods of conducting the war were all wrong and Mr. Lloyd George's generally right. This opinion I hold to be erroneous, and so much relating to the conduct of the war has now been published in the countries of all the belligerents that it is possible at length to support my opinion with chapter and verse.

Mr. Lloyd George has repeatedly told us that he was called to office at a time when our fortunes were at a very low ebb. From the correspondence that passed between him and Mr. Asquith in December 1916, we learn that he had a conversation with Mr. Asquith on December 1 and that Mr. Asquith wrote to him on that day: —

MY DEAR LLOYD GEORGE, —

I have now had time to reflect on our conversation this morning and to study your memorandum. Though I do not altogether share your dark estimate and forecast of the situation actual and perspective, I am in complete agreement that we have reached a critical situation in the war.

There is, therefore, no doubt that Mr. Lloyd George believed the situation to be desperate, and to require drastic changes in the methods of administration. It was upon that assump-

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tion that he made his plans. It was upon that assumption that his methods of conducting the war were based. There is no difficulty now in proving that the assumption had no foundation in fact. Where did Mr. Lloyd George get the information on which he based his 'dark estimate and forecast of the situation actual and perspective'? Not from the naval and military chiefs of the Alliance. On November 16, 1916, Joffre held a Conference at his headquarters at Chantilly to decide upon the plan of campaign for 1917. That Conference was attended by Haig and Robertson, by the chiefs of the staffs of the Belgian and Italian armies, and by the chiefs of the Russian, Serbian, and Rumanian military missions. Of that Conference Sir William Robertson says: —

> The exhausted condition of the German armies was not then as well known to us as it has since become, but we knew sufficient about it to realize the wisdom of taking full advantage of the successes gained in the Verdun and Somme campaigns, first, by continuing to exert pressure on the Somme Front, so far as the winter season would permit, and secondly, by preparing to attack the enemy early in 1917 with all the resources that could be made available, before he had time to recover from his difficulties. The Conference decided on a plan of this nature, but it was not carried out.

Why? That I must leave till later. I am now concerned with Mr. Lloyd George's 'dark estimate and forecast.'

The Allied generals were thus agreed that the situation was good. What of the enemy generals? Their opinion was even more definite. It will, I think, be conceded that where Hindenburg, Ludendorff, Falkenhayn, and Tirpitz are agreed upon a German military problem there is little margin for doubt. Hindenburg says of the position at the end of 1916: —

> There was no doubt that the relative strength of our own and of the enemies' force had changed still more to our disadvantage at the end of 1916 than had been the case at the beginning of the year. Rumania had joined our enemies, and despite her severe defeat she remained an important factor with which we had to reckon. The beaten army found refuge behind the Russian lines, where it gained time to recover and was certain of receiving a large measure of help from the Entente.

Ludendorff is more definite: —

> We were completely exhausted on the Western Front. . . . We now urgently needed a rest. The army had been fought to a standstill and was utterly worn out. . . . G.H.Q. had to bear in mind that the enemy's great superiority in men and material would be even more painfully felt in 1917 than in 1916. They had to face the danger that 'Somme Fighting' would soon break out at various points on our Fronts, and that even our troops would not be able to withstand such attacks indefinitely, especially if the enemy gave us no time for rest and for the accumulation of material.

Ludendorff's chief fear, then, was that the Chantilly plan should be carried out. Tirpitz says of the German situation at the end of 1916: —

> G.H.Q. doubted seriously whether we could hold out for another year. (1917–18). . . . It is difficult to say whether, if I had been the responsible statesman, knowing all the details then available, I should still have begun the campaign at the beginning of 1917. Our desperate position, of course, hardly left us any other way of escape from complete ruin.

The 'campaign' to which Tirpitz refers is unlimited U-boat warfare (Germany's last desperate coup), which brought America into the war. Falkenhayn was responsible for planning the Battle of Verdun, and he resigned in the middle of the Battle of the Somme, because of the failure of his plans. Naturally, therefore, he is on the defensive, and in his book paints the

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situation in the most favorable light. Yet the best he is able to say of the German position at the end of 1916 is:—

The survey of the situation at that time revealed little that was inviting, as well as much that was serious. But there were no grounds for describing it as desperate.

Lastly, Haig in February 1917 gave an interview to certain French pressmen, in which he described the prospects of victory in 1917 as rosy. This interview, expressing opinions so contrary to his own, so annoyed Mr. Lloyd George that he endeavored to use it as a pretext for getting rid of Haig, but was opposed by the rest of the Cabinet. There was, then, among the naval and military chiefs on both sides, complete agreement that the position of the Allies, at the time when Mr. Lloyd George became Prime Minister, was very favorable, and the position of the Germans very serious.

Why did Mr. Lloyd George think otherwise? Because he had n't the Duke of Wellington's 'One o'clock in the morning courage,' the courage which, in the midst of troubles and difficulties, sees also the enemy's troubles and difficulties. Unrivaled in a sudden crisis, he had not the temperament to endure a long-drawn-out battle, and to give at its end just that extra push which means victory. He was swayed by sentiment. His sentimental affection for small nations caused him to exaggerate the effect of Rumania's defeat and to exaggerate still more the German forces which had brought that defeat about. His views about Rumania were unstable. On December 5, 1916, he wrote to Mr. Asquith:—

There has been delay, hesitation, lack of foresight and vision. I have endeavored repeatedly to warn the Government of the dangers, both verbally and in written memoranda and letters, which I crave your leave to publish if my action is challenged, but I have failed to secure decisions or I have secured them when it was too late to avert the evils. The latest illustration is our lamentable failure to give timely support to Rumania.

Now early in August 1916, Mr. Lloyd George went to Paris on behalf of Mr. Asquith's Government to negotiate with M. Briand the agreement which was to bring Rumania into the war. Then was the time for 'forethought and vision,' and to arrange for 'timely support'; but the agreement was concluded with Mr. Lloyd George's active assistance, and not until September, when it was too late to save Rumania from her blunders, did he, in a Cabinet paper which found its way somewhat strangely into the *Atlantic Monthly* correspondence, call upon the General Staff to give to Rumania succor which he must have known could not have been given in time.

His early aversion to seeking a decision on the Western Front was strengthened tenfold by the 'bloody assaults of the Somme,' and with his uncanny instinct for divining the trend of public opinion he sensed the effect of that terrible struggle. The Somme was the first great battle of the national armies of the Empire. It first brought the real horrors of war into the homes of the people, and we British hold curious views about war. We are prepared to stand, and even to glory, in any hammering in defense, but we shudder at any attack that does not bring immediate and visible results. So, in his 'dark estimate and forecast,' Mr. Lloyd George had public opinion with him. Both were wrong. Public opinion needed to be led forward with courage to garner the fruits of the sacrifices of the Somme. Believing there were no fruits, Mr. Lloyd George threw away the chance of victory in 1917.

In December 1915, Mr. Asquith had made a drastic change in the methods

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of conducting the war. He brought Sir William Robertson home from France, appointed him Chief of the Imperial General Staff, gave him increased powers, and made him directly responsible to the War Committee of the Cabinet for military operations. The system thus established, together with the reconstruction of the General Staff, which Robertson undertook, brought about a great change in our fortunes. Under this system the respective functions of Ministers and of their military advisers were for the first time clearly defined, and under this system a situation which, in December 1915, after the failures in Gallipoli and Mesopotamia, was indeed gloomy, was changed to one which was, in December 1916, full of promise.

It took many months before decisions reached in London could become effective on the fighting Fronts. Normally, it was six months before a measure passed in Parliament for increasing our man power could add to our military strength, even in the nearest theatre of war — France. So the results of Mr. Asquith's system did not end with his term of office. The plans and preparations which brought Maude to Bagdad and wiped out the memory of Kut-el-Amara were all completed before Mr. Lloyd George became Prime Minister; it was preparations similarly made which brought our fighting strength in France, at the end of May 1917, up to the highest point which it ever attained in the course of the war. The vigorous impulse which Mr. Lloyd George appeared to give to military affairs in the spring of 1917 had, in fact, been arranged before he became Prime Minister.

On the false assumption that our affairs were, at the end of 1916, going from bad to worse, Mr. Lloyd George, on becoming Prime Minister, proceeded to change the system. He had an instinctive distrust of military opinion. He regarded the great influence which Kitchener wielded during the first year of the war as one of the prime causes of our early failures, and, believing the situation after a year of Robertson's direction of military affairs to be dark, he would have liked to have curtailed the powers conferred on the Chief of the Imperial General Staff by Mr. Asquith, and to have got rid of Haig; but he did not feel strong enough at first to do either of these things. He therefore proceeded to gain his end in other ways. His end was greater control over the conduct of the war. He had been in communication with his friends in France on this subject and had come to an agreement with them.

M. Painlevé, the forceful man of France, was in communication with Mr. Lloyd George, and both were disturbed about the direction of the war, particularly in the East. Their point of view was not dissimilar, inasmuch as both wanted to use political machinery to bring about a sort of military revolution in the way of a more vigorous direction of the war. The 'sort of military revolution' took place in France first. Joffre was deposed on December 12, 1916, and Nivelle reigned in his stead.

Mr. Lloyd George's attempt to put the soldiers in their place followed quickly. Early in January 1917, a Conference of the Allies was held in Rome, and at this Conference the British Prime Minister produced a plan for transferring from France to the Italian Front three hundred to four hundred medium and heavy guns and several divisions, with the object of knocking out Austria. This was the famous Laibach campaign, to which Mr. Lloyd George referred with pride in his speech in Paris on November 12, 1917. Of this plan none of the Allied military chiefs had any inkling before it was produced at the Conference. Doubtless Mr. Lloyd George expected that it

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would be received in Italy with such enthusiasm as would sweep away the opposition which he anticipated from his own military advisers. But neither the French nor the Italian Ministers were accustomed to making military plans in that way, and his scheme was referred by the Conference to the soldiers for examination and report. This procedure came as a cold douche upon Mr. Lloyd George's zeal for the Italian enterprise; and on the return journey from Rome he was caught on the rebound by his French friends, who assured him that they had found in Nivelle the man who could win the war, and that Nivelle had a plan for breaking through on the Western Front in a battle which, after a short preliminary struggle, would be decided one way or the other in forty-eight hours. This plan attracted Mr. Lloyd George as offering an alternative to another Battle of the Somme. Nivelle was invited to London, where he met the War Cabinet on January 14 and was promised the whole-hearted support of the British Government. Two days later, Cadorna presented his report on the Italian scheme, warmly approving Mr. Lloyd George's plan, and asking alternatively either for at least three hundred medium and heavy guns or, to enable a more imposing enterprise to be undertaken, for at least eight Allied divisions.

As we were then fully committed to the support of the Nivelle plan, the Laibach scheme was temporarily interred, to rise again. Just what Cadorna thought when he learned that, within a fortnight, Mr. Lloyd George was backing another plan to that which he had proposed at Rome the Italian General does not say. So, within the first six weeks of Mr. Lloyd George's administration, the Chantilly plan had been thrown over, the Italian plan had been advocated and abandoned, and the Nivelle plan finally adopted, at a time when all discussions as to plans should long have ceased and preparations for the campaign of 1917 been well advanced. Such was 'the more vigorous direction of the war.'

Having failed at Rome to impose his military ideas on the soldiers, Mr. Lloyd George began another attempt to achieve his object. On February 1 he met Major Bertier de Sauvigny, a French officer attached to my staff at the War Office as liaison officer, and told him that he had complete confidence in Nivelle, and thought that the British forces in France should be placed under his command. 'Doubtless,' he went on, 'the prestige which Field-Marshal Haig enjoys with the British public and army will make it difficult to subordinate him completely to the French command, but if the War Cabinet recognizes that such a measure is indispensable it will not hesitate to give Field-Marshal Haig secret instructions in that sense.'

Mr. Lloyd George accordingly arranged secretly for a Conference with the French Ministers at Calais, at the end of February, to discuss the placing of the British army under Nivelle. It was given out to the British soldiers that the Conference was called to deal with transport difficulties which had arisen on the French railways, and it was attended for that purpose by Sir Eric Geddes, then in charge of railway transport at the War Office. Neither Haig nor Robertson had the least idea of what was afoot, and the proposal to give Nivelle control of the British army was suddenly sprung upon them in the middle of the Conference and in the presence of our Allies, a situation as embarrassing to Nivelle, who was fully prepared for it, as it was to Haig, who had been kept in complete ignorance.

The first French proposal was from our point of view unworkable, and had to be modified in a great hurry during

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the Conference. But a vital measure of this kind required the most careful consideration, and Mr. Lloyd George's method of conducting the business of the war made such consideration impossible. As the event proved, the plan was fundamentally defective, for it placed the Commander-in-Chief of one army, who was already fully occupied with the cares and responsibilities of his own Front, in control of the Commander-in-Chief of another army.

What was required was that one man, provided that the right man could be found, should be placed in general control of the whole Front, and relieved of specific responsibility for any one part of it. This was a technical problem of military organization, but Mr. Lloyd George was determined to be his own expert, and the result was failure. His general idea at this time appears to have been that he should be the modern Pitt. But his historical studies had not taken him sufficiently far to allow him to distinguish between the methods of the elder and the younger Pitt. He does not seem to have known that the strategical methods of William Pitt were disastrous, or that the methods of Chatham needed modification before they were applied to the modern nation in arms. His ruling passion was to get control, which might have worked if he had trusted his generals and they him. Things being as they were, he fell back on the method of trying to gain his ends behind their backs, and the experiences of Rome and Calais did not tend to harmony. In this atmosphere the fateful campaign of 1917 started.

RUPERT BROOKE: A RUSSIAN VIEW

BY VLADIMIR SIRIN

From *Grani*, No. 1, 1922
(Berlin Russian Literary Almanac)

Once in an aquarium, watching the spectre-like fish glide through the mysterious water, their bodies heaving, their eyes bent upon pale-blue eternity, I recalled the cool, irradiated verse of the English poet who had sensed in the life of the supple, strangely colored fish a profound and exact image of our own existence — Rupert Brooke. His name is still unknown on the Continent and was never heard of in Russia. He died at the age of twenty-eight, and his work comprises but two small volumes — hardly eighty poems in all. Yet there is in his poetry a rare and fascinating quality: it seems cool and glistening, like moisture.

Like the great Russian lover of nature, the poet Tyutchev, Brooke has a love for everything that flows, murmuring gently on its way and giving one a sensation of coolness and clarity; and this love is expressed in his poems so vividly, so convincingly, that when you read them, you want to press them to your face as though they were dew-besprinkled flowers, or to immerse yourself in them, as though they were the sheer freshness of an azure lake.

For Brooke the world is a watery

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depth, full of colors and shadows. These colors and shadows move and breathe, forming into the scale-incased creatures we call fish. In the delicate lines of a poem called 'Heaven,' Brooke tells us of the life of these strange creatures: —

Fish (fly-replete, in depth of June,
Dawdling away their wat'ry noon)
Ponder deep wisdom, dark or clear,
Each secret fishy hope or fear.
Fish say they have their Stream and Pond;
But is there anything beyond?
This life cannot be All, they swear,
For how unpleasant if it were!
One may not doubt that, somehow, Good
Shall come of Water and of Mud;
And sure, the reverent eye must see
A purpose in Liquidity.
We darkly know, by Faith we cry,
The future is not wholly dry.
Mud unto mud! — Death eddies near —
Not here the appointed End, not here!
But somewhere, beyond Space and Time,
In wetter water, slimier slime!
And there (they trust) there swimmeth One
Who swam ere rivers were begun,
Immense, of fishy form and mind,
Squamous, omnipotent, and kind;
And under that Almighty Fin
The littlest fish may enter in.
Oh, never fly conceals a hook,
Fish say, in the Eternal Brook,
But more than mundane weeds are there,
And mud, celestially fair;
Fat caterpillars drift around,
And paradisal grubs are found;
Unfading moths, immortal flies,
And the worm that never dies.
And in that Heaven of all their wish,
There shall be no more land, say fish.

All the religions of the earth are reflected in these verses, in this tremulous drop of water. Brooke himself is a dreamer, like his fish, when he finds himself in the tropical seas. He promises his Hawaiian lover bliss in the world that is 'hard for us to understand — out of time, beyond the sun.'

There the Eternals are, and there
The Good, the Lovely, and the True,
And Types, whose earthly copies were
The foolish, broken things we knew.
There is the Face whose ghosts we are. . . .
Never a tear, but only Grief. . . .
Dance, but not the limbs that move;
Instead of lovers, love shall be;
For hearts, Immutability.

But the poet catches himself almost immediately. There will be 'neither heads nor flowers' in this land of the future; how then are the lovers to wind the wreaths they love so well? They will miss 'the palms, and sunlight, and the south' and come to 'an end of kissing.' So the poet appeals to his beloved one to seek for beauty here, under the moon, 'well this side of Paradise.' Then he ends his poem with the following line: —

There 's little comfort in the wise.

There has scarcely been a poet who has so often and so painfully attempted to peer into the Hereafter. Attempting to picture it to himself, the poet passes from one image to another, like a man who is hunting for a match in a dark room, while someone knocks insistently on the door. At times he conjures up horrible pictures of the Hereafter; at others, he has a presentiment of endless bliss. This latter is nowhere so well expressed as in his poem, 'Dust': —

When the white flame in us is gone,
And we that lost the world's delight
Stiffen in darkness, left alone
To crumble in our separate night;
When your swift hair is quiet in death,
And through the lips corruption thrust
Has stilled the labor of my breath —
When we are dust, when we are dust!
Not dead, not undesirous yet,
Still sentient, still unsatisfied,
We 'll ride the air, and shine, and flit,
Around the places where we died. . . .
And every mote, on earth or air,
Will speed and gleam down later days
And like a secret pilgrim fare
By eager and invisible ways,
Nor ever rest, nor ever lie,
Till, beyond thinking, out of view,
One mote of all the dust that 's I
Shall meet one atom that was you.

The poet foresees a 'radiant ecstasy' in that meeting. Others will not be able

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to understand it or grasp it, as the two shall pass 'in light, to light.'

But in that instant they shall learn
The shattering ecstasy of our fire,
And the weak passionless hearts will burn
And faint in that amazing glow,
Until the darkness close above;
And they will know — poor fools, they 'll know —
One moment, what it is to love.

Between these two extremes there are many less striking images. On the shore of the River of Forgetfulness, in the midst of mythological cypresses, the poet meets his dead lover, and carefree Laura finds pleasurable amusement in the sight of pug-nosed Socrates, ungainly Caesar, jealous Petrarch. Again, having climbed in joyous haste a hill somewhere near Cambridge, Brooke exclaims that he is sure his soul will be resurrected after death in the kisses of some future lovers. Or again, it is the clouds that caress his imagination.

From all this peering into the Hereafter it is not far to a complete reconciliation with death. The year 1914 inspires him with five beautiful sonnets, irradiated from within by gentle melancholy. He speaks of the dead as the hearts 'woven of human joys and cares, washed marvelously with sorrow, swift to mirth.' Then, in another of the sonnets, the original of which is now kept in the British Museum, between a manuscript of Dickens and the diary of Captain Scott, he says: —

If I should die, think only this of me:
That there 's some corner of a foreign field
That is forever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave once her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

I have given all these various quotations in order to show the numerousness and the variety of the colored glasses through which Brooke, running from one to another, attempts to distinguish the features of approaching death. It seems to me, however, that what troubles him most was not what he will find *there*, but rather what he will lose *here*. He loves the earth passionately. Life on the earth is to him like first love, which he knows will be followed by other loves, but will never be repeated. The glitter of the sun, the moaning of the wind, the pricking of the rain are like the sparkling grandeur and the sparkling pain of the first love: nothing will make up for their loss, neither the cold kisses of the stars, nor the sadistic caresses of death, nor angelic serenades, nor spectre-like beauties wandering round Lethe.

This thought is especially vivid in his poem, 'Mary and Gabriel.' The Archangel who had brought Mary the tidings of her doom, has become 'a gold speck in a gold sky.' Mary has felt already in her body the beating of a second heart, a divine motion, that has set her apart from the world, has inundated her whole being with unearthly light. Yet 'the air was colder and gray,' for at that moment she realizes that her life on earth is over, that she will never again be able to sing and play and caress her white lambs under olive trees.

Rupert Brooke loved the world, with its lakes, and its waterfalls, and his love was passionate, piercing, dizzying. He yearned to take that world with him in the hour of his death, to hide it somewhere, so that there, in the supersolar reaches, he would be able to take it from its hiding-place, and at his eternal leisure watch and study his dis-

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embodied treasure. But he knew that though he might find an inexpressibly beautiful paradise, he would have to forsake forever the things he loved upon the earth. As if feeling the approach of the end, he makes a will, enumerating in it all the things he has loved in his life. They are as variegated as life itself. He seeks a momentary consolation in a contemplation of glory: —

. . . I would cheat drowsy Death so far,
My night shall be remembered for a star
That outshone all the suns of all men's days.
Shall I not crown them with immortal praise
Whom I have loved, who have given me, dared with me
High secrets, and in darkness knelt to see
The inenarrable godhead of delight?

And again, forgetting that 'laughter dies with the lips that laugh and love with the hearts that love,' Brooke attempts to merge life and death into one calming ecstasy, clothed in the palpiating iambics of his poem, 'The Call': —

Out of the nothingness of sleep,
The slow dreams of Eternity,
There was a thunder in the deep:
I came, because you called to me.

I broke the Night's primeval bars,
I dared the old abysmal curse,
And flashed through ranks of frightened stars
Suddenly on the universe!

The poet promises to give his love a sign of his coming: Heaven will become Hell; its eternal silences will be broken; he will 'break and forge the stars anew, shatter the heavens with a song'; he will 'write upon the shrinking skies the scarlet splendor' of his love's name. Then darkness will fall 'on dreams of men and men's desire.'

Then only in the empty spaces,
Death, walking very silently,
Shall fear the glory of our faces
Through all the dark infinity.

So, clothed about with perfect love,
The eternal end shall find us one. . . .

But woman does not always appear to Brooke in the guise of an eternal companion, a token of immortality. In his poetic visualization of woman, Brooke is like the ray of a searchlight that through the darkness of the night discloses now a flower bush, now a muddy pool. He passes from the marvelous frenzy of 'Dust' and 'The Call' to utterly fantastic and ugly patterns of the human body. Brooke reconciles himself to the peculiarities of the body, when it is young and pure, and strives onward; but he is disgusted with old age, and the age-long method of contrasting spring and autumn, dream and reality, roses and weeds, assumes a new color in Brooke's hands. In 'Menelaus and Helen,' he does this by depicting the the conqueror of Troy and his ravished bride first in the glory of their youth and then in the ugliness of their old age.

Still more vivid is this same idea in the poem called 'Jealousy.' If Brooke's poetry is self-revelatory, it is quite apparent that he was not happy in his personal love. It is interesting that he can visualize complete happiness with a woman only by transporting her and himself beyond the bounds of the earth. In his endless love for the beauty of the world, he sometimes feels that the uneven, clumsy tread of human passion obtrudes upon this beauty, and he resents the obtrusion. In beautiful verse he depicts that sudden coldness for which the Venetian woman once felt so offended by Rousseau.

His happiness would have been complete if the woman could be a blossoming tree, a sparkling stream, the wind, a bird. Whenever the human being in her overshadows the goddess, whenever the sounds of cheap violin music intrude upon the stillness of the starlit night, Brooke suffers unbearably and curses fall from his lips. As a result of all this, he has a feeling of loneliness, not only personal, but actually cosmic, which he experiences, however, most acutely only in the dark hours of sleepless

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nights, when the fascinating visible world is hidden from him.

Although Brooke likes to represent his God as a gray-bearded monarch on a golden throne, he resents the artificiality of much of the ritual that he sees about himself. He prefers to go away from the stifling atmosphere of the town, to climb a green hill. In the town, the everyday men lament the death of a girl whom they are burying. The poet would not be with them. On the top of the hill, amid his triumphant memories, alone with the stars and the wind, he holds his own funeral services over the dead, whom he once loved. He is happy now. His beloved is merged with the eternal, many-colored, and many-sided nature he loves so deeply. Yet, even in his love of nature, Brooke is narrowly circumscribed, just as all poets of all times.

Kipling said once that the heart of man is too small to love the whole of God's earth, but can love only its native land, and then only one small portion of it. Rupert Brooke, speaking of his love of the earth, really means only England, and then only the small town of Grantchester — his magic city. In the Café des Westens in Berlin, on a sultry summer day, Brooke recalls tenderly the greenish, cool river that flows through Grantchester; and he speaks of it just as he speaks of the Hawaiian lagoon, for that lagoon is really his own little stream near Grantchester, with its hedges and its 'English unofficial rose.' The poet sings the praise of his dreamlike town, where only the pure of body and soul continue to dwell, where 'when they get to feeling old, they up and shoot themselves.'

Such is the Grantchester of the Brooke poem. One summer I passed through Grantchester on a bicycle. Its fields were disfigured by fences and iron gates. Its poorly kept brick homes seemed the incarnation of boredom. The wind played lazily with the wash hung out on its clothelines, over its tiny garden patches. The sounds of a poor phonograph were coming up from a house near the river.

Such in their broad outlines are the characteristic features of Rupert Brooke as a poet. Death, into whose face he had been peering so intently for years, met him by chance on the purple Ægean, one bright, sunny day. He lived only a few years, and the variegated coloring of his work is probably due to the fact that he had not had time to classify and analyze all his treasures and merge all his colors, the colors of the earth, into one, the shining whiteness; but in spite of that, it is not difficult to distinguish the basic characteristics of his poetic inspiration — he was dedicated to the service of pure Beauty.

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MRS. GAMP AND THE KING'S ENGLISH

BY ERNEST WEEKLEY

[*Professor Weekley, who is head of the Modern Language Department at University College, Nottingham, is best known in America for his most recent book,* An Etymological Dictionary of English. *Accomplished scholar though he is, Professor Weekley avoids the deadly dullness that is the bane of most philology, and his dictionary was unanimously hailed by British critics as the first dictionary since Dr. Johnson's that is really good reading — a distinction wholly due to the extremely pungent quotations which illustrate the usage of words. Perhaps the most diverting of all is the one chosen by the dictionary-maker as an illustration for the word 'monger.' It is taken from the* Daily News *and runs thus: 'Professor Weekley is well known to our readers as the most entertaining of living word-mongers.'*]

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THERE are probably still many people who believe that all dialect, whether of the rustic laborer or the old-fashioned Cockney, is 'corrupt English.' There are certainly very few who realize that the exact opposite is the case, and that standard English' is 'corrupt dialect.' Of all those historic dialects which still distinguish, to a greater or less degree, the speech of most Englishmen, none is of such interest as Cockney, that noble blend of East Mercian, Kentish, and East Anglian, which, written by Chaucer, printed by Caxton, spoken by Spenser and Milton, and surviving in the mouths of Sam Weller and Mrs. Gamp, has, in a modified form and with an artificial pronunciation, given us the literary English of the present day. Unfortunately its written records are few. Our modern pronunciation is largely the result of spelling, and spelling always tends toward the conventional and pedantic, the very process of learning to read and write involving inevitably the acceptance of much that is traditional or accidental. . . .

Roughly speaking, it may be said that before the age of Elizabeth no one was interested in English as a language. The vernacular was simply a means of communication, not an artistic instrument. With the great Elizabethan Age came the creation of a literary medium gradually departing from everyday speech, together with a conscious attitude toward language as such. The writers of that age show no trace of dialect, except for an occasional provincialism such as Shakespeare's Warwickshire 'blood-boltered,' because the printers reduced to almost modern uniformity any unusual spellings which might have revealed the writer's own pronunciation.

That the speech of men of rank showed at that period great variation is beyond dispute. The Welsh jargon of that fine swashbuckler Sir Roger Williams, the original of Shakespeare's Fluellen, is perhaps an extreme case, but we have contemporary evidence for the fact that the brilliant Raleigh spoke broad Devonshire to the end of his life; and it is not likely that the language of Drake and Hawkins differed materially from that of a present-day Brixham trawler. With the next century begins some sort of movement toward standardized pronunciation, a movement reflected in the works of the professional orthoëpists, of whom the first in

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date is Gill (1621) and the last is Smart (1836), the most-instructive for purposes of comparison with the speech of our great-grandfathers being Walker, whose Pronouncing Dictionary (1791), long a standard authority, marks approximately the date at which educated speech had been more or less standardized and assimilated to the literary language.

Although the general tendency of these theorists is in the direction of that 'regular and solemn' pronunciation which Johnson preferred to the 'cursory and colloquial,' we are often surprised to find them recommending what are now considered vulgarisms. Mrs. Gamp described herself as a 'nuss'—a pronunciation prescribed by an orthoëpist of 1724. Walker gives 'ōjus' or 'ojeus' for 'odious,' and observes with regard to 'asparagus' that '"sparrowgrass" is so general, that "asparagus" has an air of stiffness and pedantry.'

But during the nineteenth century, and especially since the Elementary Education Act of 1870, Johnson's dictum that 'the most elegant speakers deviate the least from the written word' has almost assumed the validity of a fulfilled prophecy. My own students usually pronounce the *t* in 'often,' and insist on making 'forehead' rime with 'hoar head,' although I periodically remind them that 'there was a little girl, who had a little curl just in the middle of her forehead; and when she was good, she was very, very good, but, when she was bad, she was horrid!'

What we regard as vulgarisms are usually older pronunciations which have been gradually expelled by the printed word. 'Waps' is not a corruption, but the legitimate descendant of Anglo-Saxon 'wæps,' and 'ax,' Anglo-Saxon 'acsian,' was, up to the sixteenth century, in regular literary use: 'Axe, and it shal be geven you' (Tyndale, Matt. vii. 7). To come to more recent times, Byron rimes 'vase' with 'face' and 'place.' This was also the pronunciation of my own father, who died at a very advanced age in 1920, and it is still usual in the United States. Forty years ago one still heard occasionally 'vawse,' which Walker describes as 'too refined for the general ear.' The current pronunciation is due to so many people having 'done' French at school; but to be logical we should also speak of the 'bahze' of a triangle.

For 'cucumber' Walker gives the two pronunciations 'coocumber' and 'cowcumber.' In 1836 Smart tells us that 'no well-taught person, except of the old school, now says "cowcumber."' My grandfather, a country schoolmaster born in 1807, was, I believe, well-taught, but he certainly belonged to the old school in the matter of 'cowcumbers,' though Mrs. Gamp's regular use of that form shows that Dickens regarded it as old-fashioned in London by 1842.

Just as the sound of 'vase' has been altered in recent times, so the older 'idee,' from French *idée*, was reconstructed by those who had 'done' Latin or Greek. Lydgate rimed 'idee' with 'key' long before we have any literary record of 'idea.' The vulgar 'airy' is also much older than the restored 'area.' I can remember hearing old men talk of having served in 'Indy' or 'Chiny,' and we still use the former in the plural when we speak of the 'Indies.' Lady Wentworth writes, early in the eighteenth century, to her son, Earl Strafford, ambassador at Berlin: 'I wish that you may be in as great favor with this Queen of Prushee as you was with the last,' and promises that, during his absence, she will break none of his 'chyney.' We still sing songs of 'Araby,' a form that antedates 'Arabia' by four centuries.

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The mention of Lady Wentworth — a dear old soul, by the way — brings me to my thesis, which is that Mrs. Gamp, who must have learned to talk in the generation which preceded the publication of Walker's Dictionary, spoke English very much after the fashion of a lady of quality of 1700–50. If anyone doubts this, let him compare: 'The very last case as ever I acted in; which it was but a young person' (Mrs. Gamp): 'Mr. Arundell is an extreem kynde husband, as ever I see' (Lady Wentworth): 'A back gate; which I forget the street's name it goes into' (Lady Wentworth).

The two ladies agree in pronouncing *-ure* as *-er*. This was once universal, and we still have 'fritter' from French *friture*, 'tenter-(hooks)' from French *tenture*, and several other examples. In 'figure' we have restored the spelling but kept the natural sound, though it seems to be a literary convention for the humorist to indicate uneducated speech by the orthography 'figger,' which is just as absurd as 'sossidge,' 'wimmin,' 'tuppence-hapenny,' 'pleeceman,' approximately phonetic forms which would rejoice the heart of a 'simplified speller.' Are we to understand that the humorist himself habitually pronounces 'saw-sage,' 'woe-men,' 'two-pence-half-penny?' Even so acute an observer as Dickens makes merry over the fact that Mrs. Gamp pronounced 'police' as though it were the name of a fur garment.

To return to the matter of *-ure*, Mrs. Gamp addresses Mrs. Prig in the very terms which Lady Wentworth habitually applies to her son, the Earl, namely, 'dearest creetur'; and if Mrs. Gamp speaks of the 'torters of the Imposition,' Lady Wentworth writes that her dying lapdog 'never offered to snap at anybody in its horrid torter.' The fact is that, just as the dress fashions of humbler folk once followed, at a considerable interval of time, those of the wealthier class, so their speech used to reproduce the fashionable pronunciation of preceding generations. Mrs. Gamp talked like an early Georgian duchess, and Sam Weller like a town 'blood' of the same period.

For Mrs. Gamp's 'fiery furnage' and 'Jonadge's belly' I am unable to supply an aristocratic eighteenth-century parallel, but the nautical 'to forge' (ahead), for earlier 'to force,' is an example of a pronunciation which may have been much more prevalent than one would conclude from mere spelling.

From what has already been said, it will be clear that literary records are a very insufficient guide to the history of English pronunciation. Fortunately we have other sources, the most valuable of which is the great mass of private correspondence, from the 'Paston Letters' (1422–1509) onward, preserved in the stately homes of England, and given to the world from time to time by the Government Commission on Historical Manuscripts or by private editors and antiquarian societies.

Of course we should like earlier and humbler records. Mérimée says somewhere that he would cheerfully give up Thucydides for the authentic memoirs of Aspasia, and there are many students of English who would barter a good deal of 'literature' for the authentic love-letters of a series of cookmaids from the fifteenth to the eighteenth century. Still, the noble dames and damsels are very helpful. Their husbands, whose spelling was 'vitiated' by the grammar school and the university, are untrustworthy witnesses; but the ladies, whose time appears to have been chiefly occupied in making preserves for the household and flannel petticoats for the poor, and whose schoolroom instruction was usually of the slightest, easily relapsed into a phonetic system representing the pronunciation which

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they shared with families of less 'edjication' in 'Lunnon' or the country. Unfortunately, even the ladies remembered too much of what they had been taught. Thus Lady Wentworth, who no doubt called her nephew her 'nevvy,' spells it regularly 'nephew.' She also writes 'value' or 'valewe'; but in one moment of forgetfulness, writing as she pronounced, she describes a 'pretious jewell, sartainly (as Solloman ses) hard to be found, but highly to be vallyed when found.'

George Eliot tells us that Nancy Lammeter, who was a squire's daughter, pronounced 'horse' as 'oss,' unlike the young ladies from the neighboring county town, 'who habitually said "orse."' I take leave to doubt the latter part of this statement, not because of the absent *h*, — for what we know of the history of that sound does not amount to much more than the fact that, before the latter part of the nineteenth century, nine tenths of the population bothered very little about its presence or absence, — but because it is not likely that there was any difference between rustic speech and that of a provincial town in the same region. The loss of *r* before *s* was pretty regular in colloquial speech. The butterman now says 'Dorset,' but his grandfather, Mr. Middlewick, in *Our Boys*, observed, with an appraising sniff, 'Dosset, inferior Dosset,' while 'mossel' for 'morsel,' still heard in dialect, was once general, and is, in fact, the earliest form recorded in English (thirteenth century). We still allow, in playful speech, 'cussedness' and 'bust,' and a similar pronunciation is heard in the barrister's 'm'Lud' and the policeman's 'y'r Wushup.'

In no region of sound has the printed word so exercised its influence as in obliterating the old Cockney confusion between *w* and *v*, for which our great authorities are Messrs. Weller, *père et fils*, or, as they preferred to call themselves, 'Veller.' Opinions are divided as to the *terminus ad quem* of this peculiarity, of which the only survival is the nautical to 'wear (*i.e.* veer) ship.' My own evidence is that I was born in London in 1865, and that, though I never heard *v* for *w*, the opposite change, as in 'werry,' 'weal-pie,' and so forth, was perfectly familiar to me, in the mouths of venerable Cockneys of the humblest class, in the early seventies.

Though usually called 'Cockney,' this phenomenon really belonged to a considerable region of the Southeast of England. There are traces of it in the fifteenth century, and it occurs sporadically over a much wider area than the Southeast; for instance, I have found 'wellant' for 'villain' in the Nottingham Borough Records for 1573. The earliest Oxford Dictionary records are: 'Villiam, I vants my vig. . . . Vitch vig, Sir? Vy, the vite vig in the vooden vig-box, vitch I vore last Vensday at the westry' — a rigmarole put together in 1803 by Pegge the antiquary; and 'Werry like Wenus' — from Foote's *Mayor of Garratt* (1763). Much earlier and more genuine examples occur in the *Diary of Henry Machyn* (1550–63), printed by the Camden Society. Machyn was a Cockney tradesman, unspoiled by education, who spelled his words as he pronounced them. Accordingly, in his invaluable Diary, we find 'volsake,' 'voman,' and 'welvet,' 'wacabond'; after which the reader will not be surprised to hear that Mr. Machyn had a friend called 'Hambrose,' and that he occasionally journeyed as far as 'Amton Court.'

Now there is no reason to doubt that Machyn's spelling is a true indication of his pronunciation, or that his pronunciation conformed with that in general use in the same region and period. As early as the thirteenth

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century we find 'vessel' spelled 'wessel.' A sixteenth-century divine would naturally write 'vessel,' but it is even betting that in speech he would apostrophize the ungodly in the very terms which aroused the ire of Mr. Weller, senior, 'He called me a wessel, Sammy, a wessel of wrath,' or, like Mrs. Gamp, describe this world as the 'walley of the shadder.' The last word reminds us that even Pope rimes 'fellow' with 'prunella,' and that Sam Weller's pronunciation — 'A indiwidual in company has called me a feller' — has come into use again in recent years.

It is the custom of most, unfortunately not of all, antiquarian societies to reproduce exactly the original spelling of the documents they publish. In the seventeenth-century autobiography of one Raymond (Camden Society) we read that 'there was boyling on the fyer a pipkin of pease pottage. . . . It was throwne downe, broke, and all the porridge about the chamber.' If this had been printed in Raymond's own day, the compositor would have stuck to either 'pottage' or 'porridge,' and we should have lost an absolute confirmation of the fact that 'porridge' is a corruption of 'pottage,' or rather of its colloquial form 'poddidge,' the sounds of *d* and *r* being almost indistinguishable in some dialects of the south.

Mrs. Gamp uses 'imperent' for 'impudent,' and rustics still say 'the very moral of' for 'model'; while such an acute observer as Mr. Wells represents by 'blurry' the proletarian pronunciation of that national intensive which is banned among the more anæmic classes. The opposite change is seen in 'paddock,' for the obsolete 'parrock,' *i.e.* 'park,' and in the architectural 'pediment,' for 'periment,' a workman's corruption of 'pyramid.' To a similar confusion between *l* and *n* we owe 'banister,' described by Walker as a corruption of 'baluster,' and Mrs. Gamp's 'chimley,' which has the authority of John Knox. . . .

Who wrote the following? 'As lovly a boy as ever was seen, and of an undanted sperritt. He is the very pictur of your poor brother Will, he has such a wheedling ingagin way with him.' Well, it might have been Mrs. Gamp, but as a matter of fact, it was Lady Wentworth. She also uses the correct 'spet,' Anglo-Saxon 'spætan,' instead of the dialect form 'spit,' as did also my friend the bus-man, who once, for a bet of a 'biled leg of mutton and trimmins,' smoked twelve pipes in succession 'without drinkin or spettin.' Like Mrs. Gamp she speaks of her 'lodgins,' while her daughter-in-law, Countess Strafford, notes that the Archbishop of York is miserly in the matter of his 'kitching' fire.

The attachable, or detachable, character of certain final sounds has for result that 'correct English' now includes a very accidental job-lot of accepted forms. It is pure chance that 'drownd' and 'gownd,' once in use in the best circles, have not survived by the side of 'bound,' as in 'bound to go,' for Chaucerian 'boun (*i.e.* equipped) to go,' and 'sound,' for 'soun': 'A bagge-pipe wel koude he blowe and sowne, And therewithal he brogt us out of towne.' The colloquial 'five-pun note' shows the opposite process. Lady Wentworth writes a 'hundred thousand poun,' and in the old rime of Sally Water the rimes depend upon the taste and fancy of the speller: 'Down came the mother in her velvet gown(d): "You shan't have my daughter for five thousand poun(d)."'

No 'scholar' would now describe himself as a 'scholard,' though he calls by the name 'pilchard' a fish which was formerly known as a 'pilcher.' A spot on linen now called 'iron-mould' was earlier, and correctly, 'iron-mole,' from the word now used only of

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a natural mark on the skin; while the animal called a 'mole' should be called a 'mould,' short for the older 'mould-warp,' *i.e.* mould-thrower. The 'hold' of a ship is for earlier 'hole,' while the meaningless verb to 'buttonhole' is a corruption of the original, and much more expressive, 'buttonhold.' With 'Ole Bill,' immortalized by Mr. Bairnsfather, we may compare 'Oll Jewry' in Machyn's Diary.

We have quite a group of words in which an incorrect *t* has become legalized: 'peasant,' 'tyrant,' 'pheasant,' 'graft,' 'tuft,' the older form of the last word surviving in the vulgar 'toff.' 'Varment,' for 'vermin,' is not now heard in the best circles, though eighteenth-century versifiers rimed it with 'garment'; nor, conversely, is 'objeck' permissible for 'object,' or 'nex door' for 'next door.' But Lady Wentworth describes her new house as having 'a fyne prospeck in the parke,' and reports a polite conversation in the following terms: 'The Dr. said he designed to have a sarment preeched. My lord asked what the tex should be.'

I recently caught in the street a scrap of dialogue in which one speaker expressed his intention of 'putting it acrost' the other. I need hardly say that he was one of the elderly and unstandardized — the sort of man, in fact, who says 'onct' for 'once.' This is, of course, very wrong, but not quite so bad as our 'against,' 'amidst,' 'amongst,' in which we have tacked *-st* to the original. If there is such a thing as right and wrong in language, the man who is 'again' the Government is entitled to regard as a linguistic vulgarian the man who is 'against' it, for he has on his side the combined authority of the philologist and Mrs. Gamp.

At the beginning of a word or syllable no consonant is so elusive as *w*. The rustic 'ooman' occurs in the 'Paston Letters,' and was used as late as the nineteenth century by Lady Lucy Pusey, mother of the great Churchman, whom she habitually addressed as 'Edard,' and who was probably some years the junior of 'Edard Cuttle, mariner.' There is a legend of a British toiler whose objection to German beer was that 'you don't get no forrarder with it.' Most people now sound the *w* in 'toward,' which, according to Walker should rime with 'hoard,' but we have not yet become 'correct' enough to reintroduce the *w* sound into 'Harwich,' 'Berwick,' 'Greenwich,' 'Swanage' (once 'Swanwich'), and so forth.

Early orthoëpists give quite a list of words in which initial *w* is silent, including 'word' itself, Shakespeare's 'prave ords,' attributed to Fluellen, suggesting that this may have been especially a Welsh peculiarity. The loss or addition of this sound shows the same apparent cussedness as the treatment of the *h* in uneducated speech or the *v* and *w* system of Mr. Weller; for example, in Essex 'I ont' is common for 'I won't,' but 'oats' are called 'wuts.' The addition of *w* seems, however, to have been originally a Western feature. Tyndale, a Gloucestershire man, usually has 'won' for 'one' in his Bible translation, and Barnes, the Dorset poet, writes 'woak' for 'oak.' The older, and 'correct,' pronunciation of 'one' still survives in the colloquial 'good un,' 'young un,' and so forth.

We do not now speak of a 'biled' leg of mutton, though Pope rimes 'join' with 'line,' but we speak of a 'boil' on the neck, where the rustic uses the uncorrupted 'bile.' Also we talk of getting 'riled,' for earlier 'roiled,' and pronounce as 'joist' the word which the Billickin, showing her lodgings to Mr. Grewgious and his ward, called by the older name of 'jiste,' from Old French *giste*. I have a distinct recollection of hearing that famous evangelist, the late Mr. Moody, asking for the windows to

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be opened before his congregation was 'pisoned.' 'Turquoise,' which Walker pronounced 'turkeeze' and Milton 'turkess' (*cf.* 'bourgeois' and 'burgess'), has definitely succumbed to its artificial spelling, and will, I suppose, eventually be furnished with convenient rimes in 'porpoise' and 'tortoise.') The London flower-girl who offers 'vi'lets' preserves Dryden's pronunciation of that word. The 'Corinth raisin' is now a 'currant,' but a conventional spelling has gradually led to the disuse of 'furriner.' Similarly we all now pronounce 'oblige,' while, within living memory, gentlemen of the old school still said 'obleege' (French *obliger*).

In 1606, Sylvester, in his once famous translation of Du Bartas, wrote: 'The world was like a large and sumptuous shop, Where God his goodly treasures did unwrap'; that is, he either pronounced 'wrop,' like Mr. Yellowplush, or 'shap,' like Queen Elizabeth. The latter is more likely, for the pronunciation represented by 'Gad,' 'drat' (for 'God rot') and Lord Foppington's 'Stap my vitals!' was prevalent in Tudor times, and indeed much earlier. A curious survival of it is 'strap,' of which the old form 'strop' is now preserved only by the barber. This fashionable change of vowel has been attributed to the Devon men of Elizabeth's time. It was perhaps also partly due to the Scots who came south with James I. The parallel of the 'wee drap' naturally occurs to one.

Now that the whole population is brought up on the printed letter, there is much more resistance to vowel change, and it is hardly likely that to 'tike the kike' will ever gain general acceptance. Lady Wentworth always writes 'sarvis,' 'sartenly,' and, as we have already seen, 'sarment,' and my private conviction is that she also said 'warmint.' That this pronunciation of *er* was once general is shown by the fact that 'clerk' 'sergeant,' 'Berkeley,' and so forth usually appear in the surname list as 'Clark,' 'Sargent,' 'Barclay,' and so forth. Sylvester describes the Almighty as 'A plenteous victualler whose provisions serve Millions of cities that else needs must starve'; and 'Sarve you right' is still a formula of consolation in some circles. But the influence of spelling has, in many words, brought about reversion to *er*, and in the United States 'clerk' is pronounced to rime with 'shirk.' In fact, so strong is the American antipathy to the *ar* sound that 'darned impudence' often becomes 'durned impudence.'

The place of the accent is an important criterion of educated speech. The tendency of English is to shift it gradually to the first syllable. 'Decádent,' admitted as late as 1897 by the Oxford Dictionary, is now definitely replaced by 'décadent.' The older accentuation of 'cóntrary' survives in 'Mary, Mary, quite contráry.' My friend the bus-man once informed me that 'these 'ere bicýcles and tricýcles are a reglar noosance to proper vehícles.' Sylvester rimes 'theatre' with 'creator,' and, though the modern pronunciation is as old as Shakespeare, 'theáter' has always persisted by the side of it, even up to the nineteenth century, in the mouths of the educated. 'Balcóny' was once regular: 'At Edmonton his loving wife From the balcóny spied Her tender husband, wond'ring much To see how he did ride.' Swift once used 'bálcony' in verse, but this pronunciation made Samuel Rogers 'sick'; and Byron still rimes 'balcóny' with 'Giorgione.' 'Antipodes' once rimed with 'codes.' Those who would be horrified at the singular 'antipode' are guilty of its twin when they speak of a 'satellite,' formed in the same way from the plural 'satellites': 'Or ask of yonder argent fields above Why Jove's satellites are less than Jove' (Pope, *Essay on Man*, i. 42).

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STAVROGIN'S CONFESSION. II

BY FEODOR DOSTOEVSKII

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IN truth it was foreign print — three sheets of ordinary note-paper fastened together. Apparently they came from a Russian printing-office abroad, and they looked like a proclamation. The title read, 'By Stavrogin.'

I shall give this document verbatim, correcting only the numerous errors in orthography. These errors surprised me greatly, for he who wrote them was an educated and well-read man. I have not ventured to change the style, which shows clearly that the author was not a polished writer.

BY STAVROGIN

I, Nikolai Stavrogin, a former army-officer, resided in St. Petersburg in the year 186–. I led a dissipated life that gave me no pleasure.

For some time I kept three residences. In one I myself lived with Marie Lyebyadkin, my lawful wife. I owned the furniture and ran it as a regular establishment with a full corps of servants. The other places were furnished lodgings that I rented for my adventures. At one of them I was wont to meet a lady who was infatuated with me; at another, this lady's maid. For a long time my mind dwelt on a plan of managing things so that the mistress and the servant might meet in my presence. I knew the lively temper of both so well that I promised myself vast amusement from this trick.

While I was planning this little drama I had to visit one of my lodgings more frequently than usual. It was in a large building in Gorochovaya Street, where I rented a single room, on the fourth floor, from a Russian family of the lower middle-class. The members of the family lived in the next room, and the door between the two rooms was constantly open, a fact which was quite agreeable to me. The husband was employed in some office and was absent from morning till night. His wife, a woman about forty years old, made over old clothing, and was away from the house a good deal delivering her work. I remained alone with the daughter, who was quite a young girl. They called her Matryoscha. The mother loved her, but would often beat her and scold her fearfully in her woman's way. This little maid looked after my room.

I must confess that I have forgotten the house number. I know from inquiry that the building has now been torn down, and that a large new building occupies the place where it and two or three other old houses formerly stood. I have forgotten likewise the name of the people from whom I rented; possibly I never knew. I know that the woman was called Stepanida, and, I think, Michailovna. But my memory is not sure. I fancy that I could get trace of the family by inquiring and securing the assistance of the St. Petersburg Police Department. My room was on the courtyard side. The house stood on a corner and was painted bright blue.

One day my little penknife disappeared from my table. I never used it, but only kept it around. I mentioned it

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to my landlady, never dreaming that she would beat her daughter. But she had just scolded the child because she missed a piece of cloth and imagined Matryoscha had destroyed it. She jerked her by her hair. When she found the piece of cloth under the table cover, her daughter never said a word, but merely looked at her in silence. I observed this, and for the first time noticed the girl's face carefully. Hitherto I had never more than glanced at her. She was a tow-headed, freckled-faced girl, with a commonplace countenance, very immature and retiring for her age — unusually retiring. The mother was irritated because she had not resented her unfair whipping, and shook her fist at her, but did not strike her.

Then the penknife incident occurred. We three were alone in the apartment. Matryoscha was the only member of the family who looked after my room. The mother was furious because she had beaten the child unjustly before, and when I mentioned the loss of the penknife, she ran for her broom and struck the little girl in my presence until she bled. Matryoscha did not cry out, probably because I was present; but she sobbed bitterly to herself at every blow, and later she wept silently for a whole hour.

But meanwhile, this is what had happened. The very moment when my landlady ran for her broom in order to beat the girl, I noticed my penknife lying on the bed. It had fallen there off the table. Immediately I had an impulse not to say anything, so that Matryoscha might get a beating. I made up my mind at once. At such moments I can say nothing. But I propose to explain this more fully, and not to leave a single thing unrevealed.

Every unusually base, humiliating, evil, and ridiculous situation into which I have fallen during my life has put me in a furious rage, but at the same time has given me an incredible sensation of pleasure. I have the identical feeling when I commit an exceedingly evil deed and when I am in mortal danger.

If I stole something, I would be intoxicated by the consciousness of my baseness at the very moment I committed the crime. This would not be because I love evil; on this point my judgment is perfectly sound. But this exhilarating intoxication, begotten by a torturing consciousness of my baseness, delights me — produces a sort of ecstasy. Every time I have fought a duel, while I was waiting for my opponent to fire I have been completely possessed by this raging, bestial feeling. On one occasion it was remarkably strong. I confess that I have often created situations that would produce this sensation. When I have had my ears boxed, which has happened twice in my life, this ecstasy has taken full possession of me in spite of my furious anger. If I can control my anger, the sensation of joy becomes inexpressible.

I have never spoken a word about this, or even hinted of it, to any person; but have kept it sedulously secret, as something base and disgraceful.

On the other hand, when I was badly beaten up in a barroom in St. Petersburg, and dragged around by the hair, I did not experience that joyous delirium, but only furious anger. I was not intoxicated at the time, but was merely having an ordinary fight with some other men. But one time abroad, when the French count who boxed my ears, and whom I shot in the side of the jaw for it, threw me down and dragged me about by the hair, I experienced this delirious ecstasy and was hardly conscious of anger; at least that was the way I felt at the moment.

I relate these details so that everyone may know that this sensation never mastered me; that I have always retained complete consciousness — yes,

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and that consciousness was the cause of it all. If this joyous delirium made me reckless, and in fact mad, it was never to the extent of forgetting myself. It blazed up in me, but I had such perfect control of it that I could even keep it at maximum temperature, so to speak. I am convinced that I might have been a very good monk my whole life, although there was born in me a bestial instinct which I have constantly encouraged. When I will to be so, I am master of myself. Therefore let it be understood that I do not wish to extenuate my deeds and character by appealing to my environment or to illness. I assume absolute responsibility for my crimes.

When the beating was over, I thrust the penknife into my vest pocket and left without saying a word. I threw away the knife on the street, so no one would ever suspect the truth. Then I waited two days. The girl had wept at first, and later became silent. I am convinced that she cherished no anger toward me. Still she was certainly ashamed to have been beaten in that way in my presence. Her shame made her, in her childish way, fancy that she alone was to blame.

During the next two days I pondered in my mind whether I was capable of refraining from what I designed and not carrying out my plan; and whenever I thought of it, I felt immediately that I could do so at any moment. About the same time the thought of killing myself, inspired by a morbid notion that I was incapable of feeling sympathy, overmastered me. I cannot explain that. During the same interval, for I did not wish to go back until the girl had forgotten what had happened, I committed a theft at a boarding-house where I stayed, either to amuse myself or to free myself from a constant evil obsession. This was the only theft I ever committed.

Several families lived there. Among others there was a government official and his family, who had two little furnished rooms. He was forty, not unintelligent, and always looked respectable; but he was poor. I did not associate with him, and he avoided my circle of companions. He had just received his salary of thirty-five rubles. The idea occurred to me because I really needed money, even though I received some four days later through the post office. So I might say that I stole because I was short of funds, and not for amusement. I did it boldly and recklessly. I simply looked into his room when he and his wife and children were eating luncheon in the adjoining room. Close to the door his second uniform lay on a chair. The idea occurred to me suddenly as I was walking past. I stuck my hand into the pocket and pulled out his purse. The official heard a noise and looked out of the room where he was eating. He fancied that something had happened; but since he did not see the whole thing, he thought that he must be mistaken. I said I had stepped in when passing to see the time by his clock. 'There it is,' he replied, and I left.

At that time I was drinking heavily, and a regular party used to gather in my room. I threw away the purse with the small change, and kept the bills. There were thirty-two rubles, three red bills and two yellow ones. I changed one of the red bills immediately and sent for wine. Then I sent out another red bill, and finally the third. Four hours later, when it was already dark, the official was waiting for me in the passageway.

'You, Nikolai Vsevolodovich, when you spoke to me a while ago, did n't you accidentally brush my uniform off the chair? Was it lying by the door?'

'No, I don't remember it; was there a uniform lying there?'

'Yes, it was there.'

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'On the floor?'

'First on the chair, then on the floor.'

'Have you picked it up?'

'Yes.'

'Well, then, what 's the purpose of your question?'

'Well, that 's all — there 's nothing special.'

He did not venture to speak out his suspicion, or even to mention it to anyone in the house; people of his class are just that cowardly. More than that, I was much feared and looked-up-to in that place. It delighted me to exchange glances with him a couple of times in the passageway. Then I tired of the thing.

Three days later I went back to the Gorochovaya Street place. The mother was just leaving with a bundle under her arm; the father was naturally away. So I remained alone with Matryoscha. The window was open. The only tenants around were mechanics, and there was singing and hammering on every floor. We had been there an hour. Matryoscha sat on a little bench in the corner, with her back toward me, plying a needle. All at once she began to sing to herself in a low voice, as she did at times.

I looked at my watch. It was two o'clock. My heart beat furiously. I rose and went over to her. A line of geraniums was in the window, and the sun shone through brightly. I sat down by her on the floor. At first she was frightened, and stood up. I took her hand and kissed it, and gazed at her for a moment, persuading her to sit down again. She was amused, in her childish way, because I kissed her hand. But that lasted only a minute. Then she sprang up in fright, and her face flushed. She stared at me fixedly in terror. Her mouth puckered up as if she were about to cry, but she was bravely silent. I kissed her hand again. She smiled shamefacedly, but it was artificial. She blushed intensely. I kept whispering to her. Then something remarkable happened that I shall never forget. It astounded me. She suddenly threw her arms around my neck and kissed me passionately. Her face was distorted. . . .

That night I had the fight in the barroom that I have already mentioned. In the morning when I awoke I found myself at home. Lyebyadkin had brought me back. My first thought upon awaking was: Has she said anything? For a moment I had a real, though not very intense, feeling of fear. All that morning I was very contented with myself, and unusually kind to everybody. The crowd was highly satisfied with me. But I tore myself away and went back to the Gorochovaya Street place. At the entrance I met Matryoscha. She had just come out of a little shop, where her mother had sent her for chicory. When she saw me she ran up the stairs with a terrified look. Her mother was whipping her when I reached my room, because she had stormed into the room 'making faces.' So I knew the real reason for her terror had not been discovered. She disappeared somewhere, and I did not see her again during this visit. I stayed an hour and then left.

Toward evening I was again seized with fear, but incomparably more intense than in the morning. Naturally I could deny everything; but the evidence would be against me and I was in danger of imprisonment. I had never experienced fear and it was an entirely new experience. I was not even afraid of Siberia, although I had reason to be on one occasion. But this time I was frightened. I do not know why, but for the first time in my life I was in mortal terror. In addition, I felt an intense hatred for Matryoscha, so I made up my mind to kill her. This

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hatred came back whenever I recalled her smile. I cherished a feeling of unfathomable repugnance, and was furious with her for a short time. Then a sort of chill came over me. Toward morning I was feverish and so terrified that I cannot conceive more intense mental torture. I did not hate the girl any more — at least not as madly as I did the night before. I learned at this time that intense terror stifles every sentiment of hatred and vengeance.

I woke up, about noon, feeling quite well, and marveled over my state of mind the previous day. At the same time I was irritable and felt impelled, despite my horror of the place, to return to Gorochovaya Street. I remember that I wanted intensely to get into a furious quarrel with somebody. When I arrived at Gorochovaya Street, however, I found Nina Savelyevna, the lady's maid, awaiting me. I was not fond of her, and she was rather frightened at having come uninvited. But this time I felt a sudden delight at seeing her. She sat there chatting with my landlady and drinking coffee; and both were evidently pleased at the pleasant reception I gave them. I noticed Matryoscha in a corner. She stood motionless, looking at her mother and the visitor. When I came in she did not go and hide, but remained. She seemed to me to be haggard and feverish. After greeting Nina most affectionately, I went away with her, and for two days did not return to Gorochovaya Street. I was tired of the place, and decided to give up my lodgings there and leave the city.

When I went to announce this fact, I found my landlady worried and excited. Matryoscha had been ill for two days. She was feverish every night and talked strangely in her sleep. Naturally I asked what she said. Her mother and I conversed in my room in whispers. She whispered back: 'She keeps saying, "Horrible!" and that she has "killed God."' I told the woman to get a doctor and charge it to me, but she would not. 'With God's help it will pass. She does n't have the attack right along; just now she has gone out to the store.'

I wanted to see Matryoscha alone; and as my landlady said she was going out about five o'clock, I decided to return at that time.

That noon I ate luncheon in a restaurant and did not call at my room again until after five o'clock. I opened the door as usual with my own key and went in. Matryoscha was the only person at home. She lay in the other room on her mother's bed, behind a screen. I could see that she looked over toward me, but I acted as if I did not see her. All the windows were wide open. The air was warm — hot, in fact. I busied myself about my room for a while, and then sat down on the sofa. I remember every little trifle. It gave me a feeling of satisfaction not to speak to Matryoscha, in order to torment her. I do not know why.

I sat there a whole hour, when she suddenly jumped up off the bed. I heard her feet strike the floor as she did so. She walked forward very quickly to the door of my room, and stood looking at me in silence. Such was my baseness that my heart thrilled with joy, because I had been firm and waited until she did something. Since I had last seen her close by, she had wasted terribly. Her cheeks were yellow, and her forehead was flushed with fever. Her eyes were big and hollow, and she stared fixedly at me, as if in dumb curiosity.

I sat there and did not move. Suddenly her hatred flared up. I was aware all at once that she did not fear me. I fancied for a moment she was in a delirium, but that was not the case. She shook her head the way naïve and primitive people do by way of reproach,

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and lifted her little fist as if to threaten me. For an instant this gesture amused me; then I could not endure watching her. Her face betrayed utter despair, unnatural in one hardly more than a child.

So she stood there, threatening me with her fist and shaking her head reproachfully. I rose and stepped toward her with a feeling of concern, and spoke to her in a low and kindly voice. But I saw at once that I made no impression. She impetuously covered her face with her hands, turned away, and went over by a window, where she stood with her back toward me. I returned to my room and sat down by my own window. I cannot explain to myself why I did not leave then and there; but I stayed as if waiting for something. In a few moments I heard her quick steps again. She went out the door and down a wooden gallery, which was also accessible from the main stairway. I stepped to the door of my own room, opened it, and saw her enter a tiny storeroom.

I experienced a quick thrill of curiosity. I do not know why it should have seized me at that moment. I shut the door and sat down by my window. Naturally my conjecture might be wrong; but still—I suddenly knew what was going to happen, and my heart beat like a hammer.

A little later I looked at my watch, and noted the time carefully. I cannot explain why I felt it necessary to do so; but my mental composure was perfect, and I wished to fix everything clearly in my memory. Consequently every tiny detail stands out as vividly before my eyes as if it were happening now. The afternoon was drawing to a close. A fly hummed over my head and lit on my face. I caught it and held it between my fingers, and dropped it out of the window. A wagon drove into the courtyard with a tremendous rattle. In the corner of the courtyard a tailor sat by an open window and sang in a loud voice. I could see him bending over his work. It occurred to me that inasmuch as no one noticed me when I came in I might as well avoid meeting anyone going out. So I prudently moved my chair back from the window in order not to be seen by the other tenants. I took up a book and then threw it down, watched a tiny red spider on a geranium leaf, and fell into a deep reverie. All this remains perfectly clear in my memory.

I looked at the clock. Twenty minutes had passed since she left. My suspicion became a probability. But I decided to wait a quarter of an hour longer. It occurred to me that perhaps she had come back and I had not heard her; but that could not be. The stillness of death prevailed; I could hear the buzzing of every fly. Then my heart throbbed faster. I looked at the clock: three minutes more. I waited that long, although my heart fairly beat a tattoo. Then I rose, put on my hat, buttoned my coat, and looked around to see if I was leaving any traces of my presence. I shoved the chair closer to the window, where it had stood before. Last of all, I opened the door quietly, locked it with my key, and went to the storeroom.

The door was shut, but not locked. I knew that it could not be locked, but did not wish to open it. Instead I rose on the tips of my toes and looked through the crack. I recalled vividly how I had sat by the window, watched the red spider, and fallen into a reverie. I planned then just how I would lift myself on my tiptoes and press my eyes to this crack. I repeat these details to show that I was in full possession of my mental faculties and responsible for everything. I peered through the crack for a long time, because it was rather dark inside. Finally I could see that for

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which I was looking. . . . At length I left. I met no one on the stairs.

Three hours later we were all sitting around at the boarding-house in our shirtsleeves, drinking tea and playing with an old pack of cards. Lyebyadkin recited poetry. She told many anecdotes, and not foolish ones, as usual, but lively and witty stories. Kirilov was also there. No one drank, although a flask of rum stood on the table. Only Lyebyadkin looked greedily at it.

Prochov Malov said: 'When Nikolai Vsevolodovich is contented, and not suffering from his humors, we are all good-natured and talk sense.' That remark struck me. I was really contented, happy, and had no morbid ideas. That was on the surface. But I knew in my heart that I was a base, commonplace coward, and that I could never again regard myself as a respectable man.

About eleven o'clock the daughter of the porter came to me hurriedly, at the request of my landlady in Gorochovaya Street, to tell me that Matryoscha had hanged herself. I went back with the child, and found out that my landlady could not tell why she had sent for me. She kept crying and moaning. A big crowd was there, including the police. I stood about for some time and then went away.

No one ever said anything further about the matter to me, except the police, who asked the usual questions. All I testified was that the little girl had been sick and was nervous and imaginative. No one knew more that that.

For a week I never returned to the house. After the child was buried, I went there to give up my lodgings. The landlady was still crying, but was as busy as ever with her repairing and sewing. 'I hurt her feelings so about your knife,' she said to me, though without reproach. I told her I could not possibly use the room any longer, paid my bill, and gave her five rubles gratuity.

My principal feeling all this time was disgust with life. What happened in Gorochovaya Street would have soon passed entirely from my thought, as most of my experiences did at that period, if I had not been vexed with myself for a long time because of the fright it gave me.

I let my anger find vent in every possible way. It was at this time that I began to plan ending my life in the most disagreeable manner possible. For a year I had pondered upon shooting myself, but something better turned up.

One day I was watching crippled Marie Simofeyevna Lyebyadkin hobbling about. At that time she was not insane, but simply feeble-minded. She was secretly infatuated with me. I suddenly made up my mind to marry her. The idea of a marriage between a Stavrogin and this miserable creature gave my nerves a thrill. Nothing more horrible could be conceived. But let me say right here I did not marry her 'over a wine wager after a drunken spree.' Kirilov and Peter Verchovenski, who chanced to be in St. Petersburg, and Prochov Malov, who has since died, were present at the ceremony. No one else knew anything about it, and these three kept silent. This concealment always seemed to me very commonplace; but the secret has been kept, although I intended to disclose it. I now do it along with the rest.

After our marriage, I visited my mother in the country for diversion. In our home town, people said I was insane, a conviction on their part that injured me very much, as I will explain later. Then I went abroad, where I lived four years.

I was in the East, visiting Athos, where I stood for eight hours one night listening to a sacred ceremony. I was also in Egypt, resided in Switzerland, and even visited Iceland. For two semesters I attended lectures at Göttin-

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gen. During the last year of my residence abroad I associated a great deal with an aristocratic family in Paris, and with two Russian ladies in Switzerland. While I was in Frankfort I chanced to be passing a bookshop one day where I saw among other photographs a picture of a young girl. Although she was beautifully dressed, she looked strikingly like Matryoscha. I bought the picture, and set it on my mantel at the hotel. It stayed there a week, but I did not once look at it. When I left Frankfort I forgot to bring it with me.

I mention this to show how well I remembered, and yet how callous I was to what had happened in her case.

I would drive these unpleasant memories from my mind, and they would vanish at my orders, whenever I willed. Such recollections simply wearied me. I have never found any entertainment in thinking of the past, as most people do; especially because the past, like everything relating to my personality, is hateful to me. Speaking of Matryoscha, I simply forgot the picture on the mantel.

One spring, a year later, when traveling in Germany, I wandered absentmindedly about a station where I had to change cars, and chanced to get on the opposite platform, where I boarded the wrong train. I got off at the next station. It was about 3 P.M. on a beautiful day. The place was a tiny German hamlet. Someone directed me to the village inn. I had a long wait before me. The next train did not pass until eleven o'clock that night. The adventure rather tickled my fancy, for I was in no hurry. It was a poor little inn, but was situated on a green lawn surrounded by flower beds. I took a tiny room. The food was excellent. Since I had been traveling the night before, I lay down about four o'clock in the afternoon and fell into a deep slumber.

I had a dream that was exceedingly strange, because I have never conceived anything like it. In the Gallery at Dresden hangs a picture by Claude Lorrain. I think it is called 'Acis and Galatea' in the catalogue. But I always called it to myself 'The Golden Age,' though I do not know why. I had seen it previously; but three days before, when I was passing through the city, it had impressed me more than ever. I went purposely to see it; perhaps it was for that reason that I stopped at Dresden. This picture appeared to me in my dream — not as a picture, but as an experience.

I seemed to be in a tiny bay in the Grecian Archipelago: lapping blue waves, islands, cliffs, a flowery coast, enchanting distances, a glorious sinking sun — it cannot be described in words. This is how Europeans conceive the cradle of the race. Here is laid the scene of the first episode of their mythology; here was their earthly Paradise. Glorious, beautiful human beings inhabited all this land. They lived in innocence and happiness; their merry songs echoed in the groves, their wholesome and boundless vitality expressed itself in love and joy. The sun bathed the islands and the sea with its benignant beams and rejoiced likewise in these glorious children of men. It was a wonderful dream, a glorious illusion — a dream, a vision, more incredible than any other; but a vision toward which mankind has yearned during its whole existence, for which it has sacrificed all, to attain which prophets have died and been crucified, and without which the people of the earth would cease to love life.

In my dream I personally lived through all this experience. I do not remember every detail; but the cliffs, the sea, the declining rays of the sinking sun, all were lingering in me when I awoke and opened my eyes. These, for

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the first time in my life, were wet with streaming tears. A sensation of inconceivable joy filled my heart to the point of pain. By this time it was evening. The setting sun shot a sheaf of its farewell shafts through the foliage and flowers on the window sill. I lay flooded in this golden light. I closed my eyes quickly to recall the dream; but suddenly a little tiny point appeared in the midst of the glorious, glorious radiance. This point assumed a form, and I perceived distinctly that it was a tiny red spider. I saw it on a geranium leaf, glowing in the red light of the setting sun. A sharp pang shot through me, and I roused myself and sat up in bed.

Thereupon I had this experience. I saw her before me. I was now wide awake. If it had only been a real vision! I saw Matryoscha. She was haggard, and stared at me with feverish eyes, just as she had that day. She clenched her tiny fist at me. I never experienced such torment. The piteous despair of the helpless little creature who threatened me! How? My God, what could she do to me! But naturally she blamed only herself. I sat till far into the night without moving, oblivious to the lapse of time. I do not know and cannot tell even to-day whether it was evil conscience or remorse. I only know that it was unendurable to me to see her standing there in the doorway with her lifted, threatening fist. Just that memory, just that shaking of her head. It is something I cannot endure, because it comes back to me every day. It does not come of its own accord. I myself recall it, and cannot cease to do so, although it is torture to me. If I could only see the child when awake, even as a mere hallucination!

Why do I not recall other things of the same kind? I have done many things in my life that people would perhaps condemn far more. Is it merely hatred, or something due to my present physical condition? Before that dream I could think about all that in cold blood, and forget it — shake it off.

I traveled hither and thither all the next year and tried to do some work. I knew that I could keep the memory of Matryoscha from me if I willed. I am master of my will as much as ever. But there is where the trouble lies. I do not will to do so, and never shall. That memory will continue to haunt me until I go mad.

Two months ago in Switzerland I suffered from an attack of the same criminal impulse, accompanied by an access of savage anger such as I had only in the beginning. I felt a resistless impulse to commit some new sin, and considered bigamy. But I ran away instead, on the advice of another girl, to whom I almost made a full confession. I was not in love with her, and never can be. But my new sin did not free me from haunting Matryoscha.

I have decided to print this confession and take three hundred copies of it with me to Russia. At a certain date I will place it in the hands of the police and the local authorities, and send it to every newspaper, with a request that it be published. I shall also send it to my acquaintances in St. Petersburg and elsewhere. It will be translated and printed abroad. I know that I am not liable to any legal penalty — at least, none of any importance. Besides, I am my own witness, and no one has accused me of crime. In any case, the general belief that I am insane, and the certainty that my relatives would use this defense, will prevent my being charged with a crime had I committed one. I report these facts here merely to show that I am in full possession of my faculties and have a correct idea of my situation. For me it is only a case of people knowing everything and staring at me, and I staring at them. I

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want people to stare at me. I do not know that it will save me. But I grasp at this as a last straw.

I repeat, if the St. Petersburg police make an intelligent search, they will discover those people. The family may not reside in that city any longer. They will naturally know the house. It was bright blue. I will not try to escape, and shall stay for a considerable period — a year or two — at Skvoreschniki, the estate of my mother. Whenever they want me I shall surrender, wherever I am. NIKOLAI STAVROGIN.

TSENTROSOÏUZ

AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE RUSSIAN COÖPERATIVES

BY A. SERGEEV

From *Moscow Pravda, February* 26
(BOLSHEVIST OFFICIAL DAILY)

THE great new edifice of the Tsentrosoïuz, or National Coöperative Headquarters, looks upon Moscow from the Old Square through the ruins of the former Chinatown. Before its main entrance is constant turmoil — hurrying coachmen and automobiles; and in the vestibule itself a boiling ant-heap of men is moving in opposite streams, into and out of the building. A crowd of coachmen, warming themselves in the vestibule, arouse the ire of the porter: —

'Citizen-coachmen! I earnestly ask you, and have asked you thousands and thousands of times, not to gather here! It's impossible. This is a vestibule, not a saloon or road house!'

But the citizen-coachmen crawl out very slowly, for it is warmer in the vestibule than in the street. In vain the manager of the building angrily expostulates. Scraping along, as though with leaden shoes, they intentionally slow down their steps.

'Kick them out, the devils!' advises a chauffeur who is sitting in a corner, in a businesslike tone, as though he were one of the housemen, not a comer from the outside. 'If you do not club these chatterboxes they will drive their horses into the vestibule. Whip them out — the air stinks with them!'

Along the broad stairway a human torrent is flowing in cascades. With portfolios, with bundles of samples, careworn men searching for this and that are moving back and forth. Everywhere are heard inquiries.

'Where is the butter and egg section?

'Excuse me, I myself am looking for Sibsviaz (the Siberian branch).'

'Where should I go with this order?'

'Where are you rushing to, Citizen?' shouts the watchman to a man in a sheepskin coat, staggering under a load of tin boxes and pots heaped higher than his head.

'How's that? Where? Yes — see here — to the honey section. I, my dear sir, am here with honey, all samples,' jabbers the man in the sheep-

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skin coat, who speaks with a Vîâtka accent.

'Samples — of honey,' mocks the watchman. 'Are you really needed here with your honey? This is the medical section. You villager! Creeping in — and now can't creep back. Camel, you have corked up the whole door! Get back, I tell you! Now!'

The overburdened Vîâtkan, caught in the doors like the Biblical camel in the needle's eye, begins a movement astern and finally pulls out to freedom.

Immense floors filled with humming people are divided by glass partitions into hundreds of transparent offices — something like a huge crystal beehive in which the work of each cell is bathed in streams of light and is visible from all sides to everyone who wishes to see. To an inexperienced observer it seems that here, under the great glass dome, within view of all, there is no place for any stain or spot, any falsity — everything looks so clean and transparent. It does not occur to the average naïve man that even here, within view of all, underhand dealings can thrive. This transparency is, after all, a clever psychological trick. The bourgeois architect commissioned to build this temple of trade knew his business.

At the desks closely placed in the glass offices, clerks are working amid heaps of papers and letters, the clatter of tabulating machines, and the scratching of pens. And here, between the desks, visitors are walking in rows. Who is not here! Peasants, brokers, foreigners, tradesmen, agents, provincials, laborers, and priests. Nowhere, in any other country, do the people exhibit such interest and sympathy in coöperative affairs as they do with us.

A dense circle of visitors surrounds the desk of a director.

'What do you want?'

'Allow me to beg for permission to bring from our province five cars of grain to the account of the general quota for the Tsentrosoîûz.'

'Who has collected it?'

'We — that is, our organization.'

'Who?'

'We.'

'That is, who? Delegates? Provincial union? Independently?'

'Through local agents, inhabitants there. In open market.'

'Without the knowledge of the provincial union? Without their taking any part?'

'That's it. You correctly understand it. By our own organization.'

'Why, then, to the account of the quota for the Tsentrosoîûz?'

'The provincial union won't let it out of the province.'

'There is something not clear here. We will inquire.' The coöperator tries to sidetrack the request.

'H-m! Why inquire? It is red tape. I will explain everything to you —' The visitor fades away.

In the section of bread and provisions there is more confusion than elsewhere. To bread, especially in the famine year, hands from all over the country are stretched out. And there is so little bread that if eagle-eyed vigilance is not exercised our poor reserve of provisions will vanish. Peasant scouts are flowing in by thousands from the famine provinces. They have brought with them carloads of rags, horses, and cattle, to be exchanged for grain; and here in these crystal cells they mill back and forth, thin, sunburned, dirty men inquisitively searching the faces of those they meet, and shyly and furtively trying the doors.

See, they are sitting in crowds on the floor in the hall. They slowly sort bundles of some kind of paper in their shriveled hands; they gnaw moistened stubs of pencils, and make aloud some kind of calculation.

'Eighteen times 900,000. How much

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will that be? Listen, countryman,' one turns to another for help.

'Eighteen — by 9,' the other begins to compute aloud. 'What did you bring to Moscow?'

'Iron wheels. At our place, my dear brother, almost the whole township has taken the wheels off its wagons and sent them in for grain. It's all right; we have no use for them any more.'

'How long have you been in Moscow?'

'About a week. I go here and there, but can't clear anything up anywhere; nobody seems to need our wheels here. I have gone all over Moscow.'

'Did you see Ivan the Great?' his interlocutor asks suddenly, with sparkling eyes.

'Ivan? No; who is he? What? Great?'

'Oh, my God, how great! So great that I am not even able to explain it to you. All white, stands in the midst of the Kremlin with golden head, and on the head countless flocks of jackdaws. Eh!' The talker becomes animated. Conversing quietly for a minute, both get up and wander toward the exit, to look, it seems, at Ivan the Great.

But on the floor, left by this mob, there is something crusty, like sand under foot. These are parasites falling from them — tiny but terrible carriers of typhus. And in this section the clerks are often stricken with typhus. Famine typhus is a terrible enemy.

At the desk where bread is exchanged for all sorts of commodities there is a constant bustle.

'I have several carloads of grape wine for grain. Wine, as you know, is in demand now: it is sought everywhere by everyone —'

The clerk is silent, giving his talkative visitor a chance to finish. The latter is verbose not without cause: he has his purpose, which he approaches with a 'quiet purring,' to speak in the jargon of the besiegers.

'Expenses, you know, are heavy. Transportation rates are high. We allow our friends a dozen bottles to taste. Be good to others and they will be good to you. I am, indeed, happy to render mutual services. We even have set aside a certain quantity of wine for such purposes. Why not exchange it, so to speak, for kindness? For your section, for instance — ?'

'What is your price for grain?' the clerk sternly interrupts him in the middle of his sentence, repelling his 'quiet purring' with one blow. Thrown back on his own defenses, the opponent begins to haggle.

'How do you do, dear Evgeniĭ Grigor'evich!' sounds the voice of another fine gentleman. 'Allow me to express my most humble respect and deep honor.'

'What do you want?' asks Evgeniĭ Grigor'evich, looking with wonder upon an entirely unknown man, who, with this self-assured familiarity, plays his trump — his 'first name and father's name.'

'Excuse me, excuse me, please, Evgeniĭ Grigor'evich, do I dare bother you now? I see that you are busy now. Let me know your telephone number and I will phone to your residence when you are free. Do you understand?'

'Tell me what you want.'

'No, no, why? Better give me your telephone number.'

'Two-eighty-eighty, Supplementary fifty,' wearily answers Evgeniĭ Grigor'evich, seeing that it is hard to get rid of such a visitor, persistent and clinging as a fly.

'I thank you very humbly,' says the visitor radiantly, bowing himself double, and he retires happy, not suspecting that he has received the number of the telephone standing here on the table of the Tsentrosoĭuz. The attack is beaten off by a counterattack.

'I brought salt,' says a third, starting

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his business talk directly. 'Take it from me for 350,000 rubles per pud in exchange for grain.'

'Three hundred thousand.'

'Make it 350,000. I'll return 25,000 per pud personally to you.'

'Get out or I'll have you arrested,' the coöperator quietly answers the creature, who is already making for the door before the indignant outburst.

Generally speaking, here is a kingdom of wonderful politeness; rough phrases, shouts, and gesticulations are not in use here. Politeness of the most mawkish type, the obsequious manners of the market place, talk smooth as oil, sometimes resulting in the funniest of pictures that remind one of China's ingenious code of polite manners.

Into the small glass office of a section director slides softly, most softly, as if swimming, a sedate, solid visitor, nicely dressed, perfumed, shaven, well-groomed. With a face shining like the polish on his shirt, with sparkling eyes, with a fixed, ingratiating smile, he begins at the door to scrape and bow to the manager. He presses his hands to the place where he believes his heart to be, or his pocketbook. He scrapes his fat little feet, bows, and almost curtsies. He seems about to fall on his knees before the manager. The latter, thrusting his fur hat down almost over his eyes in the weariness of disgust, looks upon this Chinese ballet. He is devilishly wearied by these scenes that repeat themselves before him each minute.

'What can I do for you?' he bursts out, motioning the visitor to a chair.

The visitor, with a touchingly delicate cautiousness, as if afraid to offend the chair, sits down upon its extreme edge.

'May I propose two carloads of sacks to the Tsentrosoiûz?' the delicate visitor asks, scarcely audibly and with suspended breath, as he smiles and bows.

In the eyes of the manager there glints a spark of mockery: he at once recognizes the bird by its flight.

'Yes, why not. Of what weight?'

'I — guess — not of great weight — perhaps two pounds each.'

'That means you don't know. Well, of what texture?'

'Oh, don't worry. Very dense.'

'Well, I have to know. Of what material?'

'Material? Of the usual material — of sack material — rough — linen, I suppose —'

'Well, yes, indeed — linen, not silk. You don't know. But of what capacity?'

'Capacity — capacity — that is that which one puts into a sack. If potatoes — more goes in; if flour — less.' The visitor thus tries to slip out of the tight place.

'That is, you wanted to say the opposite. Yes, yes. Where are your sacks now?'

'Coming from Voronezh.'

'On foot?'

'No, they are carried on cars.' The visitor smiles sourly, having quickly lost his radiant expression. His fat fingers play in the buttonholes of his coat; he buttons his overcoat and nervously fades away behind the door of the accursed office, where he has so awkwardly attempted to put something over on the organization.

Rushing into the hall, he looks back and takes breath. In the sections all around, work is boiling and crowds of people are moving. But in one section there is not a single soul: the whole section has been arrested and sent to the Butyrki (penitentiary). On one of the empty tables there a cat is sitting, carefully cleaning its spotted fur coat.

In a neighboring office a member of the board, with a thin, tired face, and wearing a worn calfskin coat, is warding off the attacks of an angered lady.

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'I told you that I cannot do anything for the release of your husband!' he attempts to explain as convincingly as he is able, fortifying himself behind the American roll-top desk from the onslaughts of the lady in the *karakul* sack-coat.

'But I was told that you, only you, are in a position to cause the release of my Il'ia Samoĭlovich! And I am convinced that you can do it!' The lady advances, nervously stretching her white gloves, as if preparing for a boxing-bout.

'Madam, please, do understand me once for all. I can't do anything. Our establishment is a *private-social*, not a government institution!'

'Pity me!' The lady feels offended. 'You talk to me as they do in Chekhov—'

'Er-er-er—' The member of the board swings his arm hopelessly. 'Well, let's not talk as they do in Chekhov. Let's begin anew—' And he wearily passes his hand over his hair, his face, and the hair of his calfskin coat, which, it seems, has bristled.

And from below, along the stairway, there is heard a desperate vociferation:

'Citizen-coachmen! Devils! Do not press in here! This is a vestibule!'

CHIAROSCURO

BY JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY

[*We may take this essay as a diminutive overflow from Mr. Murry's most recent volume,* The Problem of Style, *a few stray thoughts which the distinguished editor of the* Athenæum *could not quite pack into his book.*]

From the *Times, April* 28
(Northcliffe Press)

One of the most peculiar features of literature during the last thirty or forty years has been the steady movement of a part of it toward esotericism. To-day literature is divided into the comprehensible and the incomprehensible. The incomprehensible part is written on the definite assumption that the writer's duty is wholly toward himself, or, as he generally prefers to put it, toward his art. He writes to satisfy a purely personal impulse to self-expression. He writes, just as he chooses the color of his wall paper, to please himself alone. He does not hope to be understood, and he says to himself, with a resignation in which there is a tinge of pride, that no really original writer ever has been understood.

Of course this esoteric literature is disregarded by the general public, which, even if it desired to regard it, could not do so. The general public has managed, rather dubiously, to swallow Meredith, and is still wondering whether the meal agreed with it; it has also made some sort of effort to cope with Henry James. After that, it has accepted the inevitable, and decided that esoteric literature and itself must part.

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Only just in time. For the difficulty of Henry James is as nothing to the difficulty of some of the literature that has followed him. And yet the general public has managed to take to its heart the greatest writer of our time, Thomas Hardy. It has enjoyed Kipling and Wells spontaneously; it has succeeded, with perhaps a little more effort, in acquiring a genuine appetite for Conrad; it has elected Arnold Bennett's finest novel, *The Old Wives' Tale*, into the highest place in its own affections. But we may prophesy with certainty that it will never, never come to terms with Mr. James Joyce's *Ulysses*.

It is open to the esoteric to argue that the general public has never really understood Hardy or Conrad or any other great English author. It is probably true, in the sense that a very small number of the people who have agonized over the fortunes of Tess or Bathsheba could render a coherent account of their fascination. But they have loved and reread the stories, and they remember them. Perhaps there is nobody who understands Hamlet; there are thousands who know him. Don Quixote is vivid in the minds of a hundred times more people than have grasped the definite intention of Cervantes in creating him. And perhaps Don Quixote would be a smaller figure if that intention were generally understood. The mind is more profoundly moved by things it does not wholly understand than by things completely comprehended. A greater magnitude is given to a created character, a deeper significance to a verse of poetry, by the margin of mystery which surrounds it.

But this mystery is not obscurity. When the general public reads a great book it is moved by the feeling that the words contain more than they say; but the condition of this feeling is that it should understand what the words actually do say. No one ever failed to follow the story of Don Quixote or Hamlet, or to find a simple delight in following it. Dostoevskii's *Crime and Punishment* is one of the most thrilling detective stories in the world, *Madame Bovary* one of the simplest and most absorbing tales of provincial life. And they are that, and they remain that, because they are also something else. They have a source of vitality apart from the interest of their stories. Some passionate conviction about life went to their making, and an ardent desire to express this conviction so clearly, so simply, that no one could refuse to share it. The mystery of a great book lies in its clarity. It is the feeling of wonder that so much should be contained in so little.

The conviction that it is superior to be esoteric continues to work havoc among writers of talent and even of genius. The great effort to be unmistakable, which distinguishes the man of literary genius from the mere genius (who, without it, is next door to the madman), is contemptuously called 'making concessions.'

As if the effort to be unmistakable were not the very secret of style! As if it were not precisely because the true writer insists that his reader shall feel exactly what he intends him to feel, instead of what the reader would like to feel, that he sometimes has such difficulty in getting a hearing. People do not like to be disturbed. Literature exists in order to disturb them. A writer may disturb them by forcing them to think thoughts and feel emotions which they find they really wanted to think and feel. He is likely to be a great writer long before he is a popular one, like Thomas Hardy. But if he is unmistakable, his day of popularity will come. In the long run we all accept what we cannot refuse.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

CHLOROFORM

BY ALAN FLEMING

[*New Statesman*]

Over my nose and mouth a cold, hard cone
Of silvered steel, covered with white, soft wool —
A vapor rolls, oily and sickening-sweet,
Heavily down my throat: a drowsy heat
Spreads thro' my limbs — Within my throbbing skull
A great Bell tolls, hollow and deep of tone —

Someone says, 'Take deep breaths.' The tenuous sound
Seems to descend a million miles to find
My buried consciousness — but yet I hear,
And feel I must obey; though palsied fear
Grips the small cow'ring fragment of my mind
That 's conscious still: a mole in frozen ground.

I breathe more deeply; and the great Bell tolls
Loudly, more loudly yet — until its hum
Seems as the beating wings of some fierce gull
Trapped in the bony dungeon of my skull —
Now I sink downwards — blind and chilled and numb —
Down through the Earth's damp bosom — Pallid souls

I meet, that gaze on me from age-old graves
As I pass dumbly down — At length the Bell
Softens its tone to wave-beats — *And I reach*
A strange-familiar, gray-green, twilight beach,
Littered with bones that yield an earthy smell,
And fringed by softly lapping, gray-green waves.

CART TRACKS

BY DOROTHY ROBERTS

[*Spectator*]

I have followed cart tracks so much, and I know how
They hold the spring's return in their long channels now;
I know, here in town, where the slow sunlight creeps through
The dark and the dust and the sombre work I do,

They shine, for April storms have broken on great hills,
And drenched through pines and bracken-shoots in sun-shot rills,
And flooded green swamp-lands where yellow kingcups grow,
And fallen into quiet where the cart tracks go.

There in shallow water the noonday sunlight dips,
The low wind freshens there his singing southern lips,
And through the hoof-print pools go mirrored days and nights,
With rooks' wings and wrens' wings and sweep of martin flights.

I have followed cart tracks in spring, and I know well
Small song-named flowers, stitchwort and wood sorrel:
And later, in gold days, when June's first sun-wave broke,
I've found mallow there, and red leaves of young oak.

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SIR WALTER RALEIGH

SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH, King Edward VII Professor of English Literature at Cambridge University, is the author of a tribute to the memory of Sir Walter Raleigh, Merton Professor of English Literature at Oxford, which appears in the *Cambridge Review:* —

Those who went over to Oxford on Tuesday to convey the sorrow of his parent University and of his old College (King's) for the untimely death of Walter Raleigh, will as little forget the dignity of the service in that very noble Chapel of Merton College as the sensible spell of emotion quieted

in a death so noble.

In truth, though untimely, that requiem was — and was felt to be — the requiem of one who had in his last few years, and under an intolerable inner compulsion, turned from his life's trade, in which he had vindicated himself as one of the best of the best few, to become a child again and learn to be a valiant soldier. Some of us who noted, almost from the first, the operation of the war on Raleigh's soul, foreboded that in some way or other it would cut short his span, or, at least, that it meant danger. The sacrifice of the young in 1914–18, about which so many talk so easily, was a torture to him; it went to the bone, to the marrow. His converse again and again would wander away from the literature behind 1914 on to machinery, air fights, the tactics of such and such a battle (wistfully explained), and so, by one knew not what transition, became lyrical about youth and the soul of his country. Many of us foreboded without foreseeing that he actually was

for the Moors and martyrdom.

Yet — one who sat some days beside him as fellow examiner, in *Viva Voce*, can testify — he would recall himself to literature, to scrupulous fairness in praise or blame of a candidate's paper-work in examination; to the first necessity of putting all at their ease and very subtly, yet very simply conveying that he wanted to learn what they *did* know — not to discover what they did n't. I am sure that his pupils adored him.

So here was the end: the large antechapel thronged with women students; the chapel itself crowded; before the altar that long coffin aloft under its pall; at the corners four soldiers of the Air Service, at attention, firm as rocks during a thirty-five minutes' service; at head and foot two robed vergers, throughout as motionless.

'*In Memoriam* Walter Alexander Raleigh, Knight: Fellow 1914–1922; Merton Professor of English Literature; Honorary Fellow of Magdalen College and of King's College, Cambridge' — it reads worthily and sounds 'nothing but well and fair.'

But what he did for criticism, what for Oxford, what for many learners; how he took example of the young and learned it piously, to better the young; how, in pure devotion to his country, he found the fatal illness in Bagdad, and came home to die — all this will doubtless be told some day, and befittingly, one hopes. What can never be quite told is the loss to his friends of a man so good, to the core.

HOUSES BUILT ON SAND

THE fate of the man who built his house upon the sand has been repeated in the Italian town of Corato on the Adriatic coast. Corato is situated forty-one kilometres from Bari, on the way to Barletta, and in recent years has grown from a small village to a town of 54,000 inhabitants. It stands in a dry region where rain scarcely ever falls, and the town was built, not upon rock, but upon clay and sandy ground.

For nine months there was a drought, then for three weeks rain fell in torrents. Presently a number of houses and public buildings showed signs of crevices in the walls; foundations began to yield. One day a church and four or five buildings fell with a tremendous crash. The population was thrown into a panic.

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Hundreds of other buildings began to show gaping fissures in the walls. Three hundred families evacuated their houses, and the alarm has been spreading ever since. The unfortunate inhabitants have been saving what they can of their furniture and belongings before the houses crash down in ruins. One lady who owned four houses, all of which have fallen in, lost her mind and has been moved to an insane asylum.

The torrential rains falling after the long dry period seemed to have filled the whole area underlying the town with water; this has filtered under all the foundations and has gradually caused the soil to give way.

AN ELEPHANT IN LONDON

ELEPHANT-RIDING is one of the favorite diversions of English children in the London Zoölogical Gardens, and one of the minor sorrows of the war in England was the shortage of elephant transport for children. The sorrows of the British youngsters reached as far as India, and the Maharajah of Cooch Behar presented the gardens with a tame she-elephant trained for driving.

Last year the elephant obediently carried a daily burden of little boys and little girls; but when she was taken out for a trial trip this spring, she began to show signs of temperament. She did not like the new steps that had been provided for mounting her. It was beyond the power of anyone in the gardens to make the elephant stand beside those steps. Then the old steps were brought out and the elephant consented to do her duty. But one day she struck again. Having deposited one load of children, her elephantship declined to receive any more. It is reliably reported that the puzzled attendants of the Zoölogical Gardens murmured to themselves a line of Shakespeare's: 'The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy.' This elephant simply would not kneel.

Finally, as a last resort, a professional mahout was brought from India. He addressed the elephant in a language to which she was accustomed, and there has never been any trouble since.

BOOK PRICES IN THE MIDDLE AGES

BOOK-LOVERS who sigh at the cost of their treasures, since the war drove up the price of paper and of printing, will do well to read and ponder a new book by Cardinal Gasquet, of the Vatican Library. Cardinal Gasquet is a Benedictine monk who has devoted a great part of his life to the study of history, and he enjoys an extraordinarily wide and minute acquaintance with the details of life in the Middle Ages, particularly in the monasteries.

In a new book entitled *Monastic Life in the Middle Ages*, he discusses, among other things, some of the prices that were paid for books in the days when a professional penman did the work of the printer, and when the itinerant bookbinder was a high-priced specialist. For a copy of the Homilies of Haimon, Bishop of Halberstadt, a Countess of Anjou paid 200 sheep, five quarters of wheat, and the same quantity of rye. In 1467, Sir John Howard, of Stoke Neyland, who afterward became Duke of Norfolk, had a Psalter made by one Thomas Lympnour of Bury. The scribe was paid by the letter: a penny a hundred for small letters, of which there were 6300, and four pence a hundred for the large letters which began each verse; and the price paid for covering a quire and a half of paper with the ordinary handwriting of the period was twenty pence. The whole-page pictures and the illumination cost a shilling each, and half-page pictures were six pence. The price for binding the book was twelve shillings. The drawing of

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350 capital letters cost three pence a hundred, and the 'floryshynge' of 500 other capital letters was five pence a hundred. The total cost of the book was about 17 pounds, or in modern English currency a purchasing power of about 350 pounds.

In 1395 a bookbinder was paid 10 shillings for binding a book for the Choir of York. The skin of a whole deer went into the outside of the cover. It cost 3 shillings, 2 pence. Four whole skins of parchment were put on the inside of the binding as guards. They cost less than a shilling. In 1399 the same binder worked on another book. In this case the skins of four young calves went on the guard leaves, and the skin of a specially large deer had to be procured at a cost of four shillings. In 1077, Abbot Paul, of St. Albans, had two books made for his monastery, 'ornamented with gold, silver, and precious gems.' Toward the cost of these two books one knight contributed two parts of his tithes from a whole village. Four hundred years later, when another Abbot of St. Albans presented Duke Humphrey of Gloucester with three books, they were valued at 10 pounds, which is probably equal to 150 or 200 pounds in English money before the war.

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IN THE HEART OF THE SAHARA

UNDER Rothschild auspices, a zoölogical expedition composed of one Englishman and one Scotchman is forcing its way deép into the heart of the Sahara Desert, a region which is practically unmapped zoölogically. At its head is Captain Angus Buchanan, a zoölogical explorer of great skill and experience. The expedition has been sent to find and collect birds, animals, and plants wherever it is able to penetrate, to look for any traces of Roman or other classical civilization in the Central Sahara, and to secure camera and motion-picture records of the habits, customs, and general mode of life of the inhabitants of the country.

The expedition, with its camel caravan, is now heading for the desert north of Nigeria. Communications are necessarily very irregular, for there are only five main roads across the desert, some of which have never yet been traveled by Europeans. Once Captain Buchanan leaves the French post of Agades, there may be no news from him for months.

✽

A NEAR VIEW OF GEORGE ELIOT

THE idolatry of certain modern literary gods is no whit more exaggerated than that of sundry giants of the Victorian Age. The *Manchester Guardian* thus retails a reminiscence of George Eliot that is still interesting, even at second hand: —

The first 'press view' of the Royal Academy supplies one of the most amusing recollections in Mr. T. H. S. Escott's reminiscences. It was in the late sixties or early seventies. In the portion of the room where Mr. Escott chanced to be, the object of universal and reverent gaze was no chef-d'œuvre by Millais or Leighton, but a lady with an elongated countenance and an intellectual brow, who reminded one of the Cumæan Sibyl. Royal personages would have not been received with the respect that followed or preceded her wherever she went. The lady dropped a fragment of paper that might, Mr. Escott imagined, at one time have contained a sandwich. Quick as thought, a Cambridge don, smooth-shaven, ashen-hued, darted forward, snatched up the precious relic, placed it in his pocketbook, and pressed it adoringly to that part of his person where his heart may have been. At a respectful distance there came behind a short, sturdy middle-aged beau, whom, long after, Mr. Escott came to know as Robert Browning. The poet stopped short, and in tones of confidential devotion said to a great painter by his side: 'She,' meaning the

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lady, 'has the nose of Dante, the mouth of Savonarola, and the mind of Plato.' Awe-stricken, the painter reprovingly rejoined: 'Hush! She speaks!' That was the first time Mr. Escott saw George Eliot.

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'THE PLAGUE OF JARGON'

In an article in the London *Times*, Mr. A. Clutton-Brock complains bitterly of the limitless coinage of new words. Styling this 'the plague of jargon,' he holds up the United States as a horrible example to the British reader. He even accuses Americans of 'outdoing the Germans in the immensity of their theories and the enormity of their vocabulary' — and be it observed that the word 'enormity' as here used is a two-edged sword that inflicts ugly gashes swung in either direction.

Mr. Clutton-Brock complains of the prevalent belief that 'compound words ending in *-ist* or *-ive* or *-ism* will make science or philosophy,' and suggests that when he suspects an author of taking short cuts to erudition, the reader will do well to, 'as I did, resolve to take a still shorter cut and read no more.'

The immediate cause of the Clutton-Brockian ire is an American weekly paper, which bears the incomprehensible title of *Evolutive Education*. To one article in particular the critic takes most violent exception, and who, knowing the title of the article, can find heart to blame him? It is called 'Metamechanics.' Having found all the other articles totally unreadable, Mr. Clutton-Brock concentrates his assault upon this. His adventures seem to have been scarcely happy, for he writes: —

I received lately, from the Far West of America, some printed matter that looked like a weekly paper; it was called *Evolutive Education*. I glanced at it and found it full of unfamiliar words which aroused my curiosity, so that I tried to read an article headed 'Metamechanics.'

After two preliminary sentences about a new science called Physiogenetics, I came to this: '*Vertically parallel* with Physiogenetics are expounded the two relatively higher quasi-absolute principles of Character and Individuality as expressed through *Embryogenetics* and *Ethereogenetics*'; and then this: 'It becomes necessary to advance such Supersciences to the underlying neuro-motor, nervo-motor, muscular-motor, and movement-motor *Combustion-processes* of different nature and importance. Internal combustion is considered triune: *physical-combustive*, *embryonal-combustive*, and *galvanic-combustive*.' At this point I read no more, so that I am unable to say whether or not I agree with the writer. He may be quite right in his thought, but I am sure that he is not right in his language, for I could not read it. The words got in the way of the sense, if there was any; either they meant nothing at all or they meant too much — meant what it needed other words to explain.

In all things of the mind the United States have a tropical climate and soil. There are jungles of thought and language, everything growing larger and more fantastic than elsewhere. They can outdo the Germans in the immensity of their theories and in the enormity of their vocabulary. You must go to them if you would find any tendency carried to an extreme; and so in this article on Metamechanics I found the most extreme example of a tendency common enough in England — the tendency, namely, to use technical or new-made words in the belief that they will, of themselves, make precise or novel thought.

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BOOKS ABROAD

BROOKS, C. HARRY. *The Practice of Auto-Suggestion.* London: George Allen and Unwin, Ltd. 3*s.* 6*d.*

[*Beacon*]

READERS of the *Beacon* who remember Mr. Brooks' article in our first number will be especially glad to hear of the success of his excellent little book on auto-suggestion — a book which has received an extraordinary welcome from the press. We can do little to add to the praise it has already received, but we should like to urge all our readers to buy a copy without delay. It is written in a clear, forceful, and interesting style, and we have no hesitation in naming it the simplest and most useful book on auto-suggestion in the English language. We consider it superior to the translation of Baudouin's *Suggestion and Auto-Suggestion,* and of course it is much cheaper. Mr. Brooks was the first Englishman to go to Nancy with the express purpose of studying M. Coué's method of conscious auto-suggestion, and he has now started a School of Auto-Suggestion at Queen's College, Birmingham.

HAMILTON, W. H. *John Masefield.* London: George Allen and Unwin, Ltd. New York: Macmillan. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[*Spectator*]

IT is a pity that Mr. Hamilton has rather marred his pleasant and really informing monograph by the style in which he has written it. The reader will wish that he would not speak of a poem having a 'bonny opening verse,' or having a 'right brave ring' to it. . . . Such lapses are curious in a writer who obviously has, on the whole, a discriminating taste in poetry; but unless we let ourselves be put off by them, they need not really detract from the usefulness of the book. Mr. Masefield is perhaps the most prolific writer of modern times. He has written prodigiously under his own name, but rumor credits him with an additional anonymous or pseudonymous output. There are, therefore, a great many appreciative readers who will never read him in his entirety and who yet want to enjoy *Reynard the Fox* or *Dauber,* not as isolated phenomena, but to see them falling into their places as parts of a life's work. Such readers will find Mr. Hamilton's book extremely useful. In the case of the novels and narrative poems he gives an excellent summary of the theme, which he illustrates with ample quotations. He quotes from Mr. Masefield as a critic, — as a commentator of Shakespeare, for instance, — as a dramatist, lyricist, and so forth; indeed, the amount of ground covered in a thoroughly readable way in the little book is remarkable. . . .

[*Saturday Review*]

THIS is the first attempt, outside periodical criticism, to estimate Mr. Masefield's achievement. And because Mr. Masefield himself is always so vigorous and sincere, and sometimes so exquisite a writer, it will always have some place in our affections. Yet we cannot help wishing that Mr. Hamilton, having carefully blotted his last page, had put his manuscript away for ten years. It is true that he would have lost his priority in the field. But at the least, as fresh material was developing, he could have been revising and improving his own haphazard language. That is perhaps the least important consideration. But we should have welcomed an essay purged of Mr. Hamilton's lamentable tendency to overwriting. . . .

Mr. Hamilton finds an analogy between Mr. Masefield's development and the developments of Chaucer and Shakespeare. There is an early period of imitation, a middle period of discovery, a period of mature achievement. The three divisions of Chaucer's activity, into his French, Italian, and English periods, lend a corroboration to Mr. Hamilton's partition. But its importance can easily be exaggerated. The three divisions will be found among the least as among the greatest, in the life of the bricklayer no less than the poet. They present nothing more than a natural correspondence with the rhythm of mortality.

Mr. Hamilton's own analogy should have afforded him a further argument for delay. There is hardly a poet in his earlier twenties so full of promise as Mr. Masefield in his middle years. He has turned his energies along channel after channel. Almost everywhere he has been admirable, nowhere supreme. Mr. Masefield differs from most of the writers at this moment struggling desperately to 'find themselves' in that he is engaged upon something worth finding. Mr. Hamilton will be more interesting in his examination of the completed discovery than in his none too acute praises of the discovery in action.

MURRY, J. MIDDLETON. *The Problem of Style.* Oxford: Humphrey Milford. 6*s.* 6*d.*

[*Sunday Times*]

THIS book comprises a course of lectures which Mr. Middleton Murry delivered at Oxford last

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summer by invitation of Professor Raleigh. Writers and readers will find in it much that is interesting and suggestive. They need not look for — they probably would not desire — a dogmatic handling of a subject that is at once complicated and elusive. Mr. Murry is careful to say that he is not expounding a doctrine, but engaged in a voyage of discovery; and on such an enterprise even the cabin boy may have his private opinion as to the merits of the course which is being steered.

The term 'style,' as Mr. Murry points out, is used in three senses, if not more. It may mean a writer's personal idiosyncrasy of expression, it may mean technique, but it may mean something deeper and greater than either. What that something is, Mr. Murry holds, we do not know precisely; but we recognize its presence in any great passage of prose or verse that you may choose to name, and hail it as 'the highest achievement of literature.' . . .

Almost on his last page he knocks us off our seemingly firm foothold, and leaves us in a welter of perplexity. He who has been at such pains to run the shyest of conceptions to earth, who has clothed it in a definition thirteen lines long, whereas Buffon was content with one, now abruptly delivers himself of this terse but shattering pronouncement: 'There are styles, but no style.' *No style?* Then what becomes of all the elaborate analysis and speculation which we have done our best to follow? Are we to throw it overboard? Not so. Let us rather regard this strange utterance as a momentary aberration on the part of the ship's captain, due to the fatigue and tension of his voyage of discovery. So, surely, his hearers at Oxford must have viewed it; so view it here.

MAUROIS, ANDRÉ. *Les Discours du Docteur O'Grady.* Paris: Bernard Grasset.

[*Figaro*]

M. ANDRÉ MAUROIS, who was an interpreter attached to the English army during the war, has already drawn upon his memories in *Les Silences du Colonel Bramble,* which received the liveliest and most deserved success in both France and England. His book so delighted our English friends that a French edition with English notes is being read by students studying our language at Oxford.

Will such good fortune befall the no less eloquent *Discours du Docteur O'Grady?* It is at least to be hoped that the dedication will be read and pondered on the other side of the Channel: 'To my English friends, in memory of days not long gone by, when a friendly necessity compelled us to understand the folly of our quarrels.'

As a matter of fact, M. André Maurois entertains the liveliest, most cordial, and enlightened sympathy for the English; but because he knows the British soul and character so well, the ridiculous side of the life he shares does not escape him. His characters are truly drawn: especially the extravagant yet thoroughly logical Doctor O'Grady, an indefatigable conversationalist, who discourses of gods and women's art in learned and humorous burlesque; Colonel Parker, who disagrees with him; General Bramble, with his unexpected reflections; the soldier Brommit; and others, too, drawn to the life, so that their very features seem sharp and striking.

MALIPIERO, G. F. *The Orchestra.* London: Chester.

[*Music and Letters*]

THE author has an uncanny skill in putting his finger on the point in a few words. Debussy's genius and Ravel's craft, Debussy's inventive selection, Stravinsky's economy, and Scriabin's and Strauss's pomposities are all touched lightly but firmly. Wagner's heights and depths are plumbed, and he is tacitly thanked for having shown us that the human voice is 'the greatest enemy of the music drama.' But the book is by no means a mere canonization of the moderns, though that is the most interesting part. M. Malipiero knows how much we do and don't know about the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, he has considered and appraised what Rousseau taught, and he does not underrate Beethoven's contribution. There is much wisdom in thirty-eight pages.

The translation is poor. 'Sonority' and 'sonorities' are words which always leave us gasping, because we never know whether they are intended to translate 'chord' or 'timbre' or 'orchestration,' and we sometimes doubt whether the writer knows. Such a phrase as 'the innovators (of the orchestral technique of the symphony) were encircled by an iron girder' is a metaphor which the mind positively refuses to grasp. *Item,* you 'deduct' a subtrahend and you 'deduce' a conclusion. *Item,* we might say 'irrecognizable,' but we don't.

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DENIKIN, GENERAL ANTON IVANOVICH. *Ocherki Russkoi Smuty.* Paris: J. Povolozky & Co., 1922.

DENIKIN, GENERAL ANTON IVANOVICH. *The Russian Turmoil. Memoirs: Military, Social, and Political.* London: Hutchinson, 1922. 24*s.*

GASQUET, CARDINAL. *Monastic Life in the Middle Ages.* London: Bell and Sons. 8*s.* 6*d.*

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